THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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RING OUT YE BELLS!

From the Spire of St. James' Beautiful Church, and Proclaim to Man the Glory of the Heavenly Kingdom.

Solemn Dedication of the Noble Catholic Edifice by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan—Interesting Services —Sermon by Dr. Conaty.

Forty years ago in a small room in what was then St. Agatha's Convent of Mercy, at Calumet avenue and Twenty-sixth street, were held the first services of St. James' Roman Catholic parish. Sunday the structure known as St. James' church, at Twenty-ninth street and Wabash avenue, says the *Times-Herald* of Monday last, was consecrated by Archbishop Feehan, and the ceremony was unique in the west. But three Catholic churches had been consecrated in the United States, and St. James' was the only one that received the pontifical blessing among all the churches west of the Alleghanies. No church can be finally consecrated to the worship of God unless it is entirely free from debt and is complete as a temple of worship. To Father Hugh McGuire, the rector, is due great praise for the consecration of the church Sunday. The beautiful chime of twenty bells had marked the completion of the church a week ago, and the hard-working rector gazed with pride on the congregation that greeted the final ceremony Sunday morning.

The ceremony of consecration was long but interesting, and the faithful had to hurry to early morning mass even at 6 o'clock in order to fulfill their duties. Precisely at 8 o'clock in the morning the ceremony of consecration began. Archbishop Feehan acted as consecrator, and was assisted by Rev. Fathers M. J. Fitzsimmons and W. A. Horan as deacons and Rev. Father D. A. Tighe as sub-deacon. The chanters were Rev. Fathers D. J. Butler and J. Gavish.

Although churches may be consecrated according to the rubrics on any day, yet Sundays or the feasts of saints are considered more appropriate days.

Long before the hour for the ceremony everything necessary for the consecration of a church was placed within the sanctuary. Vases rested near the altar containing holy chrism, burning charcoal, ashes, salt and wine. Near by were incense, a thurible and an aspersorium, two lighted torches to precede the archbishop wherever he went, a vase with water for washing his hands, cotton for cleansing the oil from the crosses which were made on the walls of the church and two vases with holy water, one outside the structure and one within the sanctuary.

The twelve crosses on the walls of St. James' only appear on a consecrated church. At the head of each cross was a candle, and when the archbishop and his assistants appeared in the church the candles were lighted. As soon as the flames began to flicker the archbishop went outside the church, the attendants singing the antiphon, "Be present, one omnipotent God, Father and Son and Holy Spirit."

Then Archbishop Feehan said:

Let us pray. Direct, Oh Lord, we beseech, our actions by Thy inspiration and carry them on by Thy gracious assistance, that every prayer and work of ours may begin from Thee and by Thee be happily ended through Christ our Lord. Amen.

After the miter was placed on his head, Archbishop Feehan blessed the water and salt and then sprinkled himself and the assistants, murmuring the words:

Sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed; wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.

Then, re-entering the church, the archbishop sprinkled with holy water the walls of the church on the upper part, saying repeatedly: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Antiphons were sung, and when the archbishop reached the gates of the church he murmured a prayer.

With his crozier the archbishop struck the gates of the church just above the threshold, and said in an audible voice:

Lift up your gates, ye princes, and be lifted up ye everlasting gates, and the King of Glory shall enter in.

Father Fitzsimmons, as the deacon, responded from within the church:

Who is the King of Glory?

Archbishop Feehan answered:

The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord powerful in battle.

Laying aside his crozier and miter and receiving the aspersorium, the archbishop again made the circuit of the church with the attendant priests and people, beginning at the right side, and sprinkling the walls near the foundations, saying often:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The attendants chanted the response:

Bless, O Lord, this house which I have built in Thy name. Hear from the lofty throne of Thy glory the prayers of those coming into this place. Lord, if Thy people shall have been converted and have done penance, and, coming, shall have prayed in this place, hear them.

When the archbishop completed the circuit of the church he returned to the door, and striking it again with his crozier, he murmured a prayer. Then, beginning at the south end of the church, he sprinkled the outer walls with holy water, and as he returned to the main entrance the doors were thrown wide open. Entering, the doors were then closed behind the archbishop and his assistants, the celebrant murmuring: Peace be to this house.

And to Thy coming, murmured Father Dowling.

While the antiphon, "Zaccheus, descend quickly, for this day I must abide in Thy house," was being sung, Archbishop Feehan proceeded to the middle of the church, and on bended knees before the high altar he began the hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus."

In the meantime one of the priests sprinkled ashes on the floor in the form of a cross. When the hymn was finished the archbishop, wearing his miter, remained seated while the chanters sang the Litany up to the part in which St. James was invoked. Then the archbishop rose and said:

That Thou wouldst deign to visit this place, we beseech Thee, hear us. That Thou wouldst deign to depute a guard of angels for it, we beseech Thee, hear us.

Making the sign of the cross over the church three times, Archbishop Feehan said:

That this church may be consecrated to the honor of Thy name and that of St. James, we beseech Thee, hear us.

At the close of these invocations he wrote with his crozier the Greek alphabet on the cross of ashes in the beam extending from the left to the right, and the Latin alphabet from the right to the left. Then he blessed the water, salt, ashes and wine. He mixed the salt with the ashes in the form of a cross, and, taking a handful of salt, threw it three times in the water. Then he threw wine into the water in the form of a cross.

Coming to the door of the church the archbishop made a cross with his crozier on the upper part and another on the lower part inside, saying: "May the cross placed in this threshold be unconquered." Then he walked around the interior of the church sprinkling the walls three times with holy water. Standing mitered in the middle of the church, the archbishop sprinkled holy water on the floor toward the east, the west, the north and the south. After saying the Preface, Archbishop Feehan dipped the thumb of his right hand into holy chrism and with it made the sign of the cross on the outside of the door of the church. Beginning at the altar he then anointed with chrism each of the twelve crosses painted on the walls, saying at each cross:

May this temple be sanctified and consecrated in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, to the honor of God, the most glorious Virgin Mary, and to the name and honor of all the saints, especially St. James. Peace be to you.

Having anointed each cross, he raised the thurible and incensed it three times. Then he signed a parchment on which was written:

On the 26th day of the fifth month in the year 1895, I, Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, consecrated this church in honor of St. James; and to all the faithful of Christ visiting it on this day, next year and on every anniversary of its consecration, I grant forty days' indulgence according to the custom of the church.

Hardly had the ceremony of consecration been concluded when it was time for the solemn pontifical mass. Thousands pushed their way into the newly consecrated church, eager to take part in the first mass to be celebrated. Bishop Burke, of St. Joseph, Mo., officiated, his assistants being: High priest, Vicar-General Dowling; deacon of the mass, Rev. Father M. J. Fitzsimmons; sub-deacon, Rev. Father P. D. Gill; deacons of honor, Rev. Fathers D. A. Tighe and D. J. Riordan; masters of ceremonies, Rev. Fathers P. J. Muldoon and H. Van Pelt.

The musical programme was as follows:

Overture, "Athalie" ..... Mendelssohn
Kyrie, Gloria ..... Mendelssohn
"Veni Creator" (bass solo and eight-part chorus) composed for this occasion ..... Frederick Archer
Sermon ..... Rev. T. Conaty
Credo ..... Niedermeyer
Offertorium, "Tu es Petrus" ..... Lavallee
Sanctus, Benedictus (St. Cecilia Mass) ..... Gounod
Agnus Dei ..... Niedermeyer
Hallelujah Chorus ..... Beethoven

The soloists were: Soprano, Mrs. Schraum; contralto, Miss Josephine Yorke; tenor, Arthur Burton; basso, C. R. Sharpe.

In the evening solemn vespers were sung and the following programme was given by the choir:

"Deus in Adjutorium" ..... F. Marzo
Psalms ..... F. Marzo
"Magnificat" ..... F. Marzo
"Regina Coeli" ..... Cherubini
"O Salutaris" (bass solo, quintet and chorus) ..... Wagner
"Tantum Ergo" (tenor solo and chorus—composed for this occasion) ..... Frederick Archer
"Hallelujah Chorus" ..... Handel

The consecration sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of Worcester, Mass., who took for his text:

"What shall I render to the Lord for all that He has rendered to me? I will take the chalice of salvation and I will call on the name of the Lord."—Psalms cxv., 12-13.

In the course of his sermon the priest said:

"Your church is a veritable salvation, for through it God has showered his favors upon you, and by it you are saved. It is a magnificent chalice conservated to God by the pontiff in your name. Religion's truth meets with a scanty welcome in our age, because men in their pride of intellect have been led to look with suspicion upon authoritative religion as hostile to man's intelligence. Rebellion to dogma and form in religion increases, until it bids fair to destroy all true religion and with it morality. The Catholic church is a breastwork against this rising and asserts now as ever that there can be no truce religion without dogma, as there can be no true morality without the authority of God, and man cannot know what to believe and what to do unless a teacher from God make both known to him.

"It is asserted that the religion of the future is a religion without creed. Men may imagine this to be religion, but how can any man, who believes in revelation reconcile it with God's revealed word? Religion, as we love to consider it, is the line of duty laid down by God for our belief and practice and perfected in Jesus Christ, the first teacher of the religion, whose word is light and life. Dogma is but the formulating of the principles that underlie the precepts, that underlie the truth, and no code of moral life can exist without it.

"Study Christ's exposition of religion and what do you find? He was a teacher with authority and the doctrine he taught was to be accepted if man wanted salvation. How dogmatic all his utterances. How he condemned all who taught otherwise and all who refused to hear him. The apostles came as teachers, not of their doctrines, but of the doctrine of Christ, and man has no choice left to him if he would have salvation. So they built the church, and the church has taught.

"Society is sick at heart, clouded in mind, and it needs the truth of God to heal its ills and satisfy its cravings. It needs to seek out the teacher sent by God and, having found him, to sit at his feet and listen to his teachings. Such is the position which the Catholic church maintains, and it becomes all seekers for truth to examine its credentials and test its authority."

The church was crowded in the evening when the chimes rang out a greeting. In the morning the Chicago Talking Machine Company caught the melody of the chimes on a graphaphone and the cylinders will be sent to the pope.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

AT OAKWOODS.

Unveiling the Monument of the Ex-Confederate Soldiers.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

From the regions of the Southland—from
each sunny gulf and bay,
From our hills and tow'ring mountains
—with their ridges blue and gray,
We come to greet the Northland from
our homes of sun and flowers—
From our harbors, coasts and headlands
—orange groves and forest bow'rs—
From our spreading green savannahs,
from our cottonfields and brakes—
From our mighty streams and bayous—
our everglades and lakes,
We come with love and flowers and tears
—peace offerings of the South,
And place white lillies from our lakes in
the grim cannon's mouth.

We bring from sunny Southern homes
the brightest flow'rs to spread
Above the sward that wraps the dust of
our own soldier dead—
And scatter o'er their hero shrines—the
emblems of the dove
Who bore across the waters dark the
olive leaf of love—
The roses bright of every hue—the lily
from the stream—
That decked their cribs and cradles in
infancy's young dream;
And decorate their Northern graves—
from green fields where they rov'd
In boyhood's days of gleefulness—with
flowr's our brothers loved.

They offered manly hearts and swords
when civil war was rife—
They promptly came at duty's call to
join the sanguine strife,
They follow'd war's dread fortunes—
proud to meet a soldier's fate—
Wounds, death or dark captivity, which-
ever might await.
Went forth from happy lovelit homes to
mingle in the fray,
Kissed mothers, wives and sisters—took
arms and donned the gray,
Left peaceful hearths and kindred to
brave war's dread alarms,
And marched to glory or the grave when
the loud drum beat to arms.

We'll strew magnolias o'er the graves
of these dead sons of ours—
And dedicate their cenotaph with bril-
liant Southern flowr's,
With flow of human sympathies—the
tribute of our tears—
The pent up floods of grief and—the
tenderness of years;
And while they rest far from our homes
by Michigan's blue wave,
Peaceful be each hero's rest in his green
Northern grave.
The soldiers of our sunny clime—ours—
yours—Columbia's own:
For them we raise the monument and
dedicate the stone.

To this National reunion from our
Southern homes we come
And with our offerings flowers and
tears bring bugle, fife and drum
Not to beat the roll of battle—not to
sound the call of war—
Long years of peace have dim'd the rays
of war's malignant star—
But with fife and drum and bugle—be-
neath each floral arch—
To sound the soldiers' last tattoo—to
hymn their funeral march?
We wave aloft the Stars and Stripes—
our fathers' glorious flag—
That floats in our united land o'er every
fort and crag.

CELTIC BARDS.

An Interesting Paper Read Before the Catholic Literary Society of Glasgow by Mr. William Boyle.

The Important Part Which the Bard of Old Played in His Day Can Hardly be Over-Estimated.

Mr. William Boyle read the following paper on "Celtic Bards" before a recent meeting of the Glasgow Catholic Literary Society:

When Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose own greatest title to literary fame is traceable to his accidental meeting with a Celtic gentleman named Boswell, made his historic attack on the Ossianic publications of MacPhearson he did a more serious injury to literature than he or any one of the time was aware of. It is now pretty generally admitted that most of what MacPhearson gave to the world as Celtic poetry, though largely "cooked" by its translator, was the genuine product of a very early age, collected from the mouths of peasants or the scarcely less inaccurate scraps of manuscript which fell into his hands. But Dr. Johnson's ponderous onslaught had the effect of scaring timorous admirers of Bardic song so that much of the material then floating through the hills and glens of Scotland was allowed by those capable of collecting and preserving it to pass into the things that have been. Fortunately, English criticism never was the potent factor in Ireland it has been in Scotland, and Irish peasant sang and Irish scholar nurtured these ancient fragments of an early literature as if the mighty lexicographer had never thundered his anathemas against them. Fortunately, too, the manuscript materials for the study of Celtic literature were more religiously treasured in the Isle of Saints than elsewhere, and for a great number of years now Irish scholars and translators have been at work on these materials till quite a worthy collection of ancient rhymes, lays and legends have been placed before the eyes of mere English-reading people.

The part which the bard of old played was so important in its day that we can hardly over-estimate it. He it was who gave articulate utterance to the varied feelings, aspirations, loves and hatreds of his clan. He filled the place of the theatre, the concert room, the press, the novelist and the historian of the modern world. True, there was a great deal of romance in his history and history in his romance, but in this he was not perhaps so very different from moderns as we may at first suppose. Anyhow, the bardic legends give us a truer insight to the tastes and feelings of our ancestors than any amount of scientific history can. The Bardic Institution was common to the whole Gaelic or Celtic race of northwestern Europe. Ireland, Scotland, England, Wales, and even the Isle of Man had their own separate orders. Ireland was, however, the acknowledged fountainhead of literary culture among the Gael and thereto Scottish and other British students flocked to learn from its renowned teachers the arts of poetry and music, so that most of what I shall have to say regarding Irish Bards applies also to the bards of other branches of the Celtic family. It has frequently been remarked as a curious anomaly that the nation which above all others seems to admire song the most has never produced a singer of the very highest order. Ireland has its Moores, its Carolans, its Mangans, but it has produced no Dante, no Shakespeare. Its woods re-echo to the song of the lark and thrush and linnet; the nightingale is yet a stranger to its air. I think I could account for this on historical, social and racial grounds, but, as Rudyard Kipling would say, that is another story.

Far back, in the very first dawn and glimmer of her history, Ireland appears to have possessed a literary cult in the Druid priests who ministered at her mystic altars. Although they carefully avoided committing any of the mysteries of their religious creed to writing, some of the war chants composed by them have come down to our times. From these and other fragments it will be seen that though properly and vigorously denounced by the early Christian followers of St. Patrick, the Druids taught no mean or demoralizing doctrines. Like the best among all Pagan teachers, they reverenced material objects only as types of an abstract and incomprehensible Deity. They taught the necessity of abstention from evil, of patience in suffering, bravery in battle, and generosity to the weak and the fallen. Under the glorious symbol of the sun, they worshipped the apparent source of beauty and of life. They cherished an abiding faith in the immortality and immateriality of the soul. They invoked the spirits of their departed chiefs and friends whom they imagined still fondly hovered round them, interested in their welfare and powerful to aid them in their need. But they had also their happy island ("Flathinnis") of the blest where earthly virtue was rewarded by eternal peace, and "Ilifria," where those who showed "the little soul" were punished after death in being condemned to wander through frozen wastes and solitudes, a prey to unavailing sighs. Thus instructed in bravery and virtue it is not so much a matter of astonishment that St. Patrick found in Ireland a ready ear to listen to his more exalted doctrine. With the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, the love of legendary lay which the Druids had elevated to a national pastime, passed over to the bards, their heirs in civil law and non-religious learning. This was by no means a paltry inheritance.

Prof. Chambray, of Paris, states that the education of the student in Druidism lasted twenty years and necessitated the committal to memory of from 20,000 to 60,000 verses. Probably many of those verses would lapse as unfit for Christian audiences, still it is also probable many of them would remain a useful legacy to the Christianized bards, so that a connection with a remote ancestry was still maintained. The apprenticeship of a bard, though not so vigorous as that of the old Druids, was still a long one, extending from ten to twenty years, except in a few cases of exceptional merit. What would our budding poets say to such an ordeal today? I think they would feel sorry, especially when their fellow-students all began to read out their individual compositions. Indeed, the wonder to me is that such a training did not drive any poetry there might be in a young fellow's head or heart entirely out of it. The truth is, nine-tenths of the old bards were not poets at all, only mere reciters of other older bards' verses. When one thinks of Walter Scott's bard, who poured "the unpremeditated lay," he cannot help smiling as he remembers the twenty years' apprenticeship and the grind of those 60,000 verses committed to memory. Perhaps it was different in Scotland, you may say. Not a bit. The highest class of Scottish bards went over to Ireland to study their art there, and those who graduated at home went through the same laborious training. In Martin's "Western Isles of Scotland," we read that the bardic students would "shut both doors and windows, wrap their plaids about their heads, and lie with their eyes closed and a large stone on their stomachs for a whole day." I don't know the meaning of the "large stone," unless it be a poetic name for haggis.

Another writer says that he "has seen them where they kept schools, ten in some one chamber, grovelling upon the straw, their books at their noses." But when, like the butterfly from the cocoon, the bard emerged into the sunshine of Royal Court or chieftain's hall, the sweets of life lay all around him. He was admired, feared, caressed, rewarded according to his degree, and the degrees were many and the rewards abundant. First came the Ollamh, redan, graduate of song, or Bard proper, who stood next to royalty itself and in some respects was even more sacred. Next the Seanachay, or historian, whose duty it was to record the annals of his clan. The third in order stood the Brehon, or Judge, which class was separated in the eleventh century from the bards and relegated to the sole duty of dispensing justice. The bards proper were subdivided into six classes. The first, called Fochlucan, whose stock in trade must be at least twenty poems or historical tales, was entitled, when traveling, to a horse and a greyhound and two men as attendants for five days. He was also entitled to entertainment for one day wherever he chose to stop, and to a reward of two heifers or a large cow for his recitations. The second order, called MacFuirmis, had a repertoire of forty poems, was furnished with three attendants and was entitled to three days entertainment and a gift of three cows. The third, Dos, told fifty stories and had four cows and four attendants. The fourth, or Canaith, appears to have only had the same number of romances in his mental kit, although he could quarter himself on folk for eight days and was entitled to six attendants. The fifth was accompanied by eight students in poetry (the going about must have been good fun for the students), he was entertained for ten days and was rewarded by five cows and ten heifers. This order was called Cli, but I have not been able to discover the length of their poetic wind-bag. The sixth order was the Anra, who were entertained for fifteen days wherever they elected to abide. These were accompanied by twelve students besides retainers, and their fee for performing was twenty cows, for which the entertainer had selections from 175 different lays. And over all was, as has been said, the Ollamh, who knew 350 pieces, who was accompanied by twenty-four attendants, and who could claim hospitality for a month and demand twenty cows for his reward. The last four orders were specially protected by the Brehon laws. Keating says they were entitled to free quarters for six months, and exacted it from Hallow Eve to May. They were designated "Clair na shean Chain," the singers of the ancient tax. The Royal bards had even greater privileges. Like our own good house of lords, the profession was hereditary, but they were not altogether bigoted, for princes and great chieftains were occasionally admitted to their ranks, and they did not hold themselves aloof from all lesser mortals. "The world," says one of them, "is the country, and mankind the relation of every genuine poet"—a fact which may explain how readily they made themselves at home wherever they went.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

KILLOVAIRA.

BY F. A. FAHY.

And are you going, Brian Oge, and leaving all behind,
The comrades, and the sweethearts, and the neighbors free and kind,
And sailing o'er the ocean wide a fortune for to find
That never could be yours in Killovaira?

'Tis lonesome down the road to go, with sad looks at each door;
'Twould melt a heart of stone to hear the colleens crying sore;
They wouldn't look the side we walked when you were to the fore,
Their darling and their pride in Killovaira.

However will we stand at all the boys from Gathabawn?
'Tis bursting now they'll be with joy to find our champion's gone,
The prop that kept us over them from under us is drawn,
And leaderless we're left in Killovaira.

Our sporting and our merriment we might as well give o'er,
At wedding, fair, or pattern, we'll get from you no more
The song that loosed the rafter, or the step that shook the floor—
They'll think there's someone dead in Killovaira.

Ill luck be with the cruel laws that scatter far and wide
The sturdy boys and comely maids, the land's delight and pride,
And to grey heads and to children small, leave all the countryside—
As desolate and bleak as Killovaira.

But fretting's only selfish since you're bound to cross the foam,
'Tis only lost the likes of you could ever be at home,)
May God be with you, Brian Oge, whatever side you roam—
A credit still you'll be to Killovaira.

Some day you'll travel home again your pockets lined with gold,
But be you rich or be you poor you'll get from young and old
The old true hearty friendship that was never bought or sold,
And never failed you yet in Killovaira.

A Leaf Fluttered by the Wind

It not more tremulous than nerves debilitated or overstrained. Nights of unrest followed by days of discomfort are the common lot of the nervous. This class of invalids, too, is usually troubled with indigestion and imperfect assimilation. Indeed, to the inability of the system to perform these twin functions may be largely attributed all nervous symptoms. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a sovereign remedy for nervousness. Dyspepsia and non-assimilation of the food are remedied by it, as are also malarial and kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism. Confirmed nervousness cannot be permanently remedied by opiates or sedatives, which are highly prejudicial to health, and soon fail to effect save in increasing doses. The Bitters first initiates, then confirms a vigorous discharge of the various functions, and removes obstacles to that end. Take it persistently at regular intervals.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Germanic arrived at New York May 23 at 5 p.m.

The Britannic arrived at Queenstown May 23 at 11 a.m.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Germanic, sailing from New York May 23: Miss Tirzah Sherwood, Edward Forman, Mrs. Forman, Prof. H. T. Orr, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Grepe, Master Grepe, maid, Chicago; J. S. Luckroft, Colorado Springs, Col.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

GRESHAM IS NO MORE.

PATRIOT, SOLDIER, STATESMAN AND JURIST CALLED HENCE.

After Weeks of Illness the Secretary of State Succumbs to the Assault of the Grim Terror — Another Citizen Who Made a Distinguished Mark on His Country's History, Both in War and Peace.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—Walter Q. Gresham, secretary of state, and distinguished in his country's service in the field, on the bench and in diplomacy, died this morning after an illness of several weeks. He had improved so much during last week that his final recovery was confidently looked for, when on

WALTER Q. GRESHAM.

Saturday he had a relapse. He recovered partly from this, but yesterday the symptoms were more aggravated and before night he was looked upon as a dying man. After dark last night he had several rigors, and at 10:20 p. m. his physicians gave up all hope, and later informed his friends that he could not live until morning.

Their prediction was only too correct, for at 1:15 this morning he passed away to his eternal rest.

Was Conscious Just Before the End.

During the last hours of his life the secretary's wife, who had been devoted to her attention to him all through his illness, sat beside his bed reading from the Bible the passages he loved to hear. He was conscious until just before the end, spoke bravely and confidently of the great change he knew was coming and words of hope and cheer to his stricken loved ones. Thus he lay until just before 1:15, the great change came, his eyes glazed and his pulse flickered; a peaceful sleep then seemed to fall upon him and—the end had come.

SKETCH OF A SPLENDID CAREER.

Patriot, Statesman and Soldier, and Distinguished in All Fields.

Walter Quintin Gresham was a soldier, a judge and a statesman, eminent and distinguished in these three fields of human endeavor. He rose to the rank of major general of volunteers during the rebellion. He was for fourteen years United States circuit judge for Illinois, and held three cabinet portfolios—postmaster general and secretary of the treasury under Arthur and secretary of state under Cleveland. Gresham came from English stock. His ancestors moved to Virginia and later to Harrison county, Ind., where he was born on St. Patricks day, 1832. In 1833, Gresham's father was elected sheriff and the next year was murdered by a noted desperado whom he had gone to arrest.

His mother was left a widow with five small children. Walter Q. was but 2 years of age when his father was killed. Walter grew up with but two or three winters' schooling until he was 16 years of age. By dint of hard work and the assistance of his brother he succeeded in entering the seminary at Corydon, Ind. Two years there and one at Bloomington university completed his education so far as schooling was concerned. He began the study of law under Judge W. A. Porter, one of the noted characters of southern Indiana, while acting as deputy clerk, and in 1854 entered into partnership with Thomas C. Slaughter, an eminent lawyer of that time and afterward judge of the circuit court.

In 1855 the Republican party was formed, and with it Gresham at once allied himself. In the law Gresham had gained a good reputation as a careful, painstaking lawyer. With the first shriek of war alarm Governor Morton appointed him lieutenant colonel of the Thirty-eighth Indiana, but before he saw active service he was appointed colonel of the Fifty-third, in December, 1861. Gresham's regiment was ordered to join Grant after Donaldson. Aug. 11, 1863, he was appointed brigadier general on the recommendation of Grant and Sherman and placed in command of the Natchez division. In the following spring he was placed in command of the division of the Seventeenth corps of the Tennessee which took part in the campaign against Atlanta.

At Leggett's Hill, before Atlanta, he was struck by a sharpshooter's bullet just below the knee. To the day of his death Gresham never recovered the full use of the limb. The war over General Gresham returned to his profession, forming a law partnership at New Albany, Ind. In 1866 he was nominated for congress against M. C. Kerr, but the district was heavily Democratic and he was defeated. When General Grant became president he appointed him United States district judge for Indiana. When Postmaster General Howe died in April, 1883, Gresham, then holding court at Evansville, was tendered the cabinet position by telegraph and accepted.

CHANGE OF PARTY AFFILIATIONS.

Dissenting from the Republican View of Tariff He Goes to Cleveland.

Judge Gresham, with other Republicans, openly dissented from the McKinley law, and in 1892, after the nomination of Cleveland by the Democrats, he with others renounced their allegiance to the Republican party and advocated Cleveland's election. After Cleveland was elected he summoned Gresham to Lakewood, N. J., where, after a consultation, he tendered him the position of premier of the cabinet he was forming. Judge Gresham assumed the duties of secretary of state on March 7, 1893.

Near the close of Arthur's term, on the death of Secretary Folger, he was appointed secretary of the treasury, a position he held until October, 1884. President Arthur, who had taken him from the bench, had the satisfaction of restoring him to the bench at the close of his service by appointing him to succeed Judge Drummond. In 1888 Judge Gresham was made a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency at the Chicago convention. His liberal views on the tariff created against him the antagonism of the extreme protectionists at Chicago.

During his short term as postmaster general Gresham accomplished much. Letter postage to Canada was reduced and the postal convention with Mexico was signed. Another important service he rendered to the country was the re-establishment of the fast mails. As secretary of state in the present administration Gresham had come to deal with perhaps more vexatious, intricate and delicate diplomatic affairs than had fallen to the share of most secretaries of state. His treatment of these was marked by the strong individuality which was part of the man.

Perhaps from his long judicial experience he was disposed to view every question from the standpoint of exact and equal justice. To him it made little difference how any line of action promised to affect his own country; he could and did disabuse his mind of any personal feeling in dealing with an international question, and the first consideration with him was always absolute fairness; if his own country occupied a false position in the matter he thought it was his duty to set it right, even at a sacrifice of material interests as it might appear at the time.

Secretary Gresham found much to dissatisfy him with the state of our foreign relations when he assumed office the last time, and in his characteristic fashion he set to work to shape these to meet his own ideas without delay. Such a course was certain to subject him to bitter criticism, and he fully realized this in advance, but was in no respect deterred from doing what he thought was right. This brought him face to face with the great question of the hour at that time, the annexation of Hawaii.

He had decided views upon this matter even before he came into the cabinet, and it was upon his recommendation that Cleveland performed almost his first official action by withdrawing from the senate, where it was pending, the annexation treaty negotiated by Secretary Foster. Then Blount was sent to the Island Republic to make an original investigation, and upon his report the secretary made his now celebrated recommendation that the queen be restored, inasmuch as she had been deposed by the action of the officers of the United States.

When congress finally made known its views the secretary accepted them for his government, but it cannot be discovered from any subsequent utterance of his that he ever changed his view as originally announced as to the justice of the action he had proposed. While he was deep in the Hawaiian negotiations Gresham was obliged suddenly to give immediate attention to the Bering sea seal fisheries. The arbitration arranged by his predecessor was in full swing. Here was another matter with which he was not in harmony.

He did not believe that the arbitration would be successful in the object aimed at by the United States—namely, the protection of the seals; but regardless of the outcome he was forced to bring the British government to a renewal of the modus vivendi or quick action to carry out the award when it was announced, in order to guard against the annihilation of the seals. The British were unwilling to do the first of these things, and it was only by an exhibition of all of the strength of his character that he succeeded in hurrying through the British parliament an act to give effect to the arbitration and then securing the adoption of regulations to keep off the poachers.

TROUBLE OVER RECIPROCITY.

Sweeping Away of, All the Treaties Gives the Secretary More Work.

By a clause in the Wilson tariff act congress had swept away in a line all of the carefully constructed reciprocity treaties negotiated by the preceding administration. This caused great anger among the nations with which the United States had such treaties, and the storm fell upon Gresham's head. Everywhere there was talk of retaliation and tariff wars and in some cases this was realized to a certain extent. It was Gresham's task to placate the European powers and how skillfully he did so the printed correspondence tells. He fairly amazed the Germans and Austrians, used as they were to the devious ways of diplomacy, by frankly admitting that they were right.

He also promised that he would do all that could be done to bring congress to see this and make reparation, a promise which he faithfully endeavored to redeem to the last and thereby strengthen his own hands in the vexatious negotiations looking to the removal of the unjust and onerous restrictions placed upon the importation of American cattle and meats. He was opposed to the tripartite arrangement for the government of the Samoan islands and finally succeeded in getting Cleveland to recommend to congress that the United States withdraw.

His good offices in the Chino-Japan war had no little effect in hastening the peace that has been proclaimed. He was equally successful in averting war between Guatemala and Mexico. In the case of the claim of United States citizens against Venezuela Gresham secured the judicial annunciation of the principle that a government is responsible for injury done to foreigners by insurgents. Gresham had also to consider the Bluefields matter, in which he obtained from Great Britain a disclaimer that she had any wrong purpose in her action there. It is clear in fact that his studies of the numerous diplomatic questions he had to handle was really the cause of his fatal illness.

In appearance Gresham was somewhat slender—in youth remarkably so—six feet tall, his black beard and hair turned to an iron gray. His eyes were hazel, full and large, with the power "to threaten and command," but soft and amiable in familiar conversation. His voice was pleasing and consorted well with his habitual demeanor, which was quiet and modest. As a man he was kind, generous and frank. He was social and approachable. It was in his home life that he was most to be admired. In 1858 he married Matilda, the daughter of Thomas McGrain, a man of Scotch-Irish descent.

No Orders for Coal.

PANA, Ills., May 28.—The Peanwell and Springside collieries, employing hundreds of miners, have shut down owing to no orders for coal.

WILD ENTHUSIASM.

Ex-Confederate Veterans Let Themselves Out at Dallas.

HOUSTON Tex., May 23.—One feature of the opening of the reunion of ex-Confederates here was the speech of General Gordon, of Georgia.

There were 8,000 people in the auditorium and as many more outside unable to gain admittance. The jam was terrific. When General Gordon rose to speak the band struck up "Dixie," but its strains could not be heard, so great was the din raised by the vocal demonstration given the beloved chieftain. At the conclusion of General Gordon's address, committees on credentials and resolutions were appointed and then General S. D. Lee, as chairman of the historical committee, read his report.

At the conclusion of this report so great was the din that adjournment was had until 7:30 o'clock p. m., and then Miss Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," was introduced. A wild shout went up that fairly made the enormous building tremble. Never was there seen such a demonstration. Hats were flying in the air, gray-haired men were cheering and yelling, completely drowning the music made by the band, which was playing the "Bonnie Blue Flag." It had been intended that Miss Davis should greet each veteran by a handshake, but the utter impracticability of this feature was soon manifest.

The masses of old veterans were so overcome with enthusiasm that a wild rush was made for the place where Miss Davis stood, and in an instant she was surrounded by a mass of men, all pushing pell-mell to grasp her hand and show how happy they were to meet her. Realizing the danger of such a crush Gov. Lowry and several others came to the rescue, extricated Miss Davis from the crush and placed her where she could be seen by all and bow her acknowledgments.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY ADJOURNS.

One of the Presbyterian Parliaments Gets Through Its Work.

PITTSBURG, May 28.—The 107th general assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America adjourned at the close of the afternoon session yesterday. The last day was characterized by speed and dispatch. The proceedings contained nothing of a sensational character, being confined to routine matters with one or two exceptions. It had been expected by some that action would be taken against Dr. Briggs by deposition, but such a motion was not proposed.

It had been whispered about that a deliverance would be made against the Presbyterian League of New York and against the signers of the "peace and work circular," but wiser counsels prevailed. The final statement of the moderator that the church would stand by the present decisions was received with applause.

PITTSBURG, May 28.—In the United Presbyterian general assembly a vote was taken on the appeal of Dr. W. H. Blair from the first synod of the west on a conviction of selling liquor in prescriptions. The vote resulted in the defeat of the appeal. The appeals of J. R. Wallace and J. G. Stewart, of Monmouth, Ills., convicted of teaching at variance with the church, were also defeated. Stewart is a faith curist.

EX-SECRETARY M'CULLOCH DEAD.

Passes Away at the Ripe Age of Over Eighty Years.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—Hon. Hugh McCulloch, formerly secretary of the treasury, died shortly before 3 o'clock this morning. With him when the end came were his two sons, a married daughter, and a grandson. Death was calm and peaceful, the patient being for some time previous in a comatose condition. Mr. McCulloch was over 80 years of age.

Bryan Replies to Carlisle's Speech.

MEMPHIS, May 24.—Ex-Congressman W. J. Bryan of Nebraska arrived here from Van Buren, Ark., and was given a cordial reception by representative free silver men of the city, who escorted him to his quarters at the Peabody hotel. He spoke at night at the Grand Opera House in answer to the speech delivered by Secretary Carlisle before the sound money convention. He devoted most of his time to a comparison between Mr. Carlisle's present views on the silver question and those which he is alleged to have held in 1878.

Debs Must Serve Time.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—It is not improbable, in view of the decision of the supreme court, that Eugene V. Debs and the other officers of the American Railway Union now under indictments for violations of the anti-trust and the mail obstruction acts will not be called upon to stand trial. Under the decision Debs will serve his sentence of six months in jail, and it is thought that the government will consider this a sufficiently severe punishment without prosecuting the criminal cases against him or his associates.

Troops to Go to Pender, Neb.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The secretary of the interior has requested the secretary of war to send troops to Pender, Neb., to quell the trouble that has arisen over leased lands there between the Omaha and Winnebago Indians and the Flournoy Land and Improvement company. Secretary Smith's action is taken at the request of Indian Agent Beck, who says the Indians are thoroughly aroused. Beck says that the leases are clearly illegal and the courts have so declared them. The cases are now in the United States supreme court.

Strike To Be Declared Off.

PITTSBURG, May 27.—Secretary Warner, of the Miners' union, has announced that the strike in the Pittsburg district would be declared off today. He said the miners were starving and had to work at any price.

THE DEATH RECORD.

JOHN J. GORMAN, ex-sheriff of New York county, at New York.

JAMES W. SCOTT, survivor of the war of 1812, at Monmouth, Ills.

MRS. EMMA LIPPINCOTT, matron of the Illinois soldiers' home, at Quincy, Ills.

MRS. WILLIAMS, wife of the editor o Indianapolis News, at Indianapolis.

JOHN CLEMSON MICKLE, an old settler of Sterling, Ills.

DR. W. M. THORNTON, prominent physician of Boston.

General J. B. HAWLEY, ex-assistant secretary of the treasury, at Hot Springs, Ark.

BROOKS KERR, son of ex-Congressman Kerr, at Grundy Center, Ia.

DUNCAN C. BROWN, prominent Mason, at Niles, Mich.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF HAPPENINGS OF NOTE.

Work of the State Lawmakers at Springfield—Bills and Resolutions Introduced, Etc.—Other State Items of General Interest to Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 23.—The senate has concurred in the house joint resolution to adjourn June 14, so that this point is settled. Littler's revenue bill was read and postponed to next Tuesday, as was done with the vetoes of last week. A resolution was introduced recommending the employment of Joliet convicts in constructing a canal from Lockport to the Mississippi river. The house passed the Chicago drainage bill—123 to 7. The bill appropriating $194,000 annually to Chester penitentiary was discussed and slightly amended. Bills were passed: To prohibit the coloring yellow of butter substitutes; the union label bill; amending the election law.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 24.—The special senate bridge committee reported that the St. Louis bridge companies were in a combine and have returned to extortionate rates for the use of the bridges, and are in open violation of law. It is recommended that the facts be laid before the authorities. The labor arbitration bill was referred to the appropriations committee. The stop-laced report was postponed. The bill was passed providing for annual inspection of county officers' accounts, and a number of bills were advanced. The house passed the revenue committee's revenue bill, the bill to regulate grants of rights and privileges by cities—an improved Miller bill referring to gas and street railway rights, etc., and several other bills and advanced a number.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 25.—The weary statesmen of the Illinois legislature have quit work practically until Tuesday next. There was hardly a quorum in the senate and little business was done. The house bill fixing the standard of weights for grain was advanced to third reading. The house passed the ball to prevent the theft of dispatches from wires. A couple of bills of local interest to Chicago were also passed and the bill to abolish days of grace read the third time and made special order on its passage for Wednesday next.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 28.—The house and senate held a perfunctory session, barely a quorum being present. A few bills were advanced and both houses adjourned.

Two Murderers Confess.

CHICAGO, May 28.—John Carey confessed his connection with the murder of Police Officer Duddles on the night of Jan. 3 last. His statement exposes John Roach as the actual murderer, with William Magee and Carey as his accomplices in the felonious act of burglary which preceded the murder and from the murder was a reasonable and anticipated consequence. William Johnson, alias "Mutton," has confessed to Inspector Schaack that he stabbed and killed Louis Klang, the old fisherman, on the north pier early Saturday morning.

Three Young People Drowned.

EFFINGHAM, Ills., May 24.—Many sorrowful faces are seen in this city caused by the drowning of two young women and one young man at Knagga pond, one and a half miles from here. Katie Johnson, Maud Myers, Sadie Oakley, and Bertha Shinn of this city, and Charley Wiley, an Austin college student, were floating on a raft, when it capsized. Sadie Oakley and Bertha Shinn were rescued, but Katie Johnson and Maud Myers both caught Wiley, pulling him under and drowning all three.

Bucket Shop Proprietors Indicted.

QUINCY, Ills., May 27.—The grand jury has indicted all the bucketshops and commission houses, including J. W. Christy, Frank T. Evans, and A. L. Kull, who are Chicago operators with former branches here. There are ten indictments, and the grand jury threatens to follow up by indicting the owners of the buildings in which the bucketshops are operated.

Neglected to Draw His Salary.

KANKAKEE, Ills., May 27.—As the result of an expert's investigation of the records of the county for ten years back it has been discovered the county is in debt over $1,500 to ex-County Clerk Kenaga because of his neglect at three different times to draw his quarter's salary. He held office for thirty years.

Brewery Building Burned.

BELLEVILLE, Ills., May 24.—The main building of the Star brewery, just north of this city, was burned. The loss is estimated at $75,000, partially covered by insurance.

Notes of the State.

Amos Poole, a wealthy fruit grower of Cobden, Ills., killed himself while in a despondent mood.

The grain elevator at Malden, Ills., was destroyed by fire. The loss will reach $10,000. The property was owned by H. Dale & Co. of Chicago.

Robert Haylett, a farmer living near Danville, Ills., was fatally stabbed in an affray with a neighbor.

Fire did $8,000 damage to the village of Plainsville, Ills. Among other buildings destroyed was the office of The Weekly Observer.

Mrs. Grace Hines of Boardstown, Ills., was bound over to the grand jury at Monmouth, Ills., for abandoning her 3-month-old babe. She left the babe in a depot outhouse, where it was found half dead a few hours afterward.

William Ribeau, an old resident of Peru, Ills., killed himself by shooting. Ill-health was the cause.

William O'Brien, James McCarthy, John Welch and John C. Rugay pleaded guilty to sending and receiving a prize fight challenge and were sentenced to four months in the county jail at Monmouth, Ills., and fined $100 each.

John Gray, a prominent farmer, living north of Homer, Ills., was found dead in the road.

Armenians Preparing to Revolt.

LONDON, May 27.—The special correspondent of the Associated Press detailed to investigate the Armenian outrages, writing from Kars, Russia, April 20, says that he has confirmation of his former announcement that the Armenians intend an uprising this month and that he has seen and handled rifles that are to be used in the revolt. Difficulty of obtaining supplies he thinks will probably put off the revolt until July, but the actual time has not been definitely fixed and depends on the readiness of the eastern wing of the revolutionary party.

MOB SPIRIT RULES.

Two Young Toughs Strung Up at Danville, Ills.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., May 25.—The Pantagraph special from Danville, Ills., says: A mob of farmers at midnight attacked the Vermillion county jail to secure John Halls, Jr., and William Royce, who raped Miss Laura Barnett Thursday night. Sheriff Thompson denied admission and the mob procured a telephone pole and used it as a battering ram. After repeated efforts to break down the outer jail door with the telephone pole, which produced little or no effect, the crowd momentarily desisted in its efforts. Ed McCusker stood on the jail steps and addressed the mob, begging it to desist. He was laughed down. Sheriff Thompson, his wife and Deputy Sheriff Sloan also beseeched the mob to disperse. F. V. Barnett, the father of the injured girl, said to Mrs. Thompson: "Madam, you never had a daughter outraged, and her blood demands vengeance." His reply was wildly applauded.

By this time a railroad tie was secured and with three blows the outer door was battered in, the besiegers thronged in and commenced work on the inner door. At 1:30 they were pounding away on the inner door and searching the garret. The mob was nearly all farmers from the southern part of the county where Miss Barnett lives. The crowd gathered at a livery barn within a block of the jail and marched in a body to the jail. The police and peace officers were unable to control the mob. The police at 3 o'clock took Judge Bookwalter, the circuit judge, to jail. He made an earnest and eloquent plea to let the law take its course and not bring disgrace on Vermilion county by the first lynching in its history.

A little later the mob secured their two victims and took them to a bridge in the east end of town, where they were hanged amid wild yells.

DOWNFALL OF OSCAR WILDE.

Sentenced to Prison at Hard Labor for Two Years—His Denial.

LONDON, May 27.—Oscar Wilde, poet and dramatist, was found guilty of indecent practices in the Old Bailey court by the jury and sentenced by the judge to two years of hard labor. In pronouncing sentence the judge said the case was the most shocking one he ever tried. He had no doubt the verdict was a just one and regretted that he could not impose a heavier sentence. While the judge was pronouncing sentence Wilde's eyes roved around the room, but he did not change color and looked as though he had made up his mind to make the best of the matter.

The "Sound Money" Convention.

MEMPHIS, May 24.—The "sound money" convention was a success, considered in both its aspects—numbers or enthusiasm. There were 3,000 people in the hall when it was called to order, and it was full before the organization had been effected. Representative Catchings was permanent chairman and all the speeches were anti-silver mono-metallism, and generally characterized the silver movement as a "craze" that like a prairie fire would soon burn itself out.

Carlisle was the principal speaker of the day.

Call for a Silver Convention.

MEMPHIS, May 27.—The Central Bimetallic League of Memphis, has issued an address to the people calling a convention of silver men to meet here June 12 and 13, and urging every city, town and community to send delegates, the object of the convention being to formulate a definite plan of action and "give direction to the overwhelming volume of public sentiment favoring a return to our own, and the establishment of our independence of alien financial institution."

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, May 27.

Money on call nominally 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange dull but steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 488@488¼ for demand and 487@487½ for sixty days; posted rates 487½@488 and 491@492; commercial bills, 486¼.

Silver certificates 67¼@67¾; no sales; bar silver, 67. Mexican dollars 53¾.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., 125¾; do coupons, 125¾; 5's reg., 116; 5's coupons, 116; 4's reg., 112¾; 4's coupons, 113; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, May 27.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat — May, opened 76½c, closed 77½c; July, opened 76½c, closed 76¾c; September, opened 82¼c, closed 79½c. Corn—May, opened 32¾c, closed 31¾c; July, opened 33¾c, closed 33¾c; September, opened 35¼c, closed 33¾c. Oats—May, nominal, closed 29½c; July, opened 30¼c, closed 28½c; September, opened 23¼c, closed 22c. Pork—May, nominal, closed $12.42½; July, opened $12.27½, closed $12.35. Lard—May, nominal, closed $6.32½.

Produce: Butter—Creamery, 13c per lb; extra dairy, 11c; fresh packing stock 7@8. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11½ per doz. Live Poultry—Chickens, 9c per lb; turkeys, 7@8c; ducks, 8c; geese, $3.00@3.50 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to good, 80@85c per bushel; Hebrons, 47@50c; Peerless, 45@50c; mixed 40@50c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@3.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections; new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 8@9c. Strawberries—Illinois, $1.50@2.25 per 24-qt case; Michigan, $1.25@2.00 per 16-qt case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, May 27.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 44,000; sales ranged at $3.00@4.15 pigs, $4.15@4.45 light, $4.15@4.32½ rough packing, $4.32½@4.55 mixed, and $4.35@4.60 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle — Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; quotations ranged at $3.60@4.00 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.05@3.50 good to choice do, $4.70@5.10 fair to good, $4.10@4.55 common to medium do, $4.00@4.40 butchers' steers, $2.60@3.65 stockers, $3.35@4.60 feeders, $3.00@4.30 cows, $3.65@4.80 heifers, $3.25@4.30 bulls, $3.10@4.25 Texas steers, and $3.50@4.15 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 14,000; sales ranged at $3.25@4.90 westerns, $2.25@4.45 Texans, $2.50@3.15 natives, and $3.90@4.10 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, May 27.

Cattle—Receipts 175 cars; very dull and slow. Hogs—Receipts, 120 cars; good medium, $4.65@4.70; good to choice heavy, $4.55@4.70; common to good heavy ends, $4.40@4.50; rough, $4.00@4.35; pigs, $4.50@4.55. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 100 cars; decidedly slow and dragging; choice clipped sheep to export wethers, $4.75@4.85; fair to good mixed, $3.75@4.50; common to fair, $2.00@2.75; fancy clipped lambs, export, $5.00@5.15; good to choice, $5.40@5.75; fair to good, $4.90@5.25; spring lambs, $5.50@6.25.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, May 22.

The United States having refused to permit Great Britain to land a Pacific cable on any of the Hawaiian islands the cable will be built to Fanning island. It means 500 miles more of line, but every station will be on British territory.

The pacific overtures of Marshal Campos to the Cuban rebels having failed officers skilled in guerilla warfare will be put in charge of the Spanish troops and the most vigorous measures adopted to stamp out the rebellion.

Of the South American "revolvers" Ecuador is at present indulging in the luxury of civil war and Uruguay and Brazil are making faces at each other. There is a revolution also going on in Peru.

The latest from the Oscar Wilde unrighteousness is that Wilde's friend Taylor has been found guilty and Wilde will be tried right away. The marquis of Queensbury has had a "scrap" with his son, Lord Douglas of Hawick, and given him a severe whipping.

Thursday, May 23.

Sheepmen have been forbidden the freedom of the Bar River valley in Colorado —by a "mass meeting of citizens." The sheepmen depend on protection by the state. "A war is imminent," says the dispatch.

The Illinois State Medical society is in session at Springfield with 200 doctors in attendance.

Snow to the depth of one foot is nature's summer resort decoration just presented to Creede, Colo., and vicinity.

Colonel Noble Smithson, a prominent lawyer of Tennessee, has carefully prepared an opinion that the income tax decision repeals the internal revenue laws.

The French government, acceding to the demand of the United States, has transferred the case of ex-Consul John L. Waller to ordinary civil jurisdiction.

In the absence of their parents two small children of Mr. and Mrs. John Watkins at Nanticoke, Pa., set fire to the dwelling while playing with matches and were burned to death.

Friday, May 24.

The Peltz anti-betting bill, which is now Pennsylvania law, prohibits betting on horse races and kills racing in the state. The track owners say there was little or no money in race tracks with betting privileges; without them they will be a dead loss.

A man who puts things together has evolved the idea that the visit of General Schofield, U. S. A., to Memphis and Houston (Tex.) is part of a scheme to run him for president on a free silver ticket in 1896.

The revolutionists of Ecuador are making great progress, while the government forces are completely demoralized.

General Quesada, who is going to Cuba to fight the Spaniards and who is reported to have with him a large supply of rifles and ammunition, has disappeared in New York city preparatory to dodging Uncle Sam's neutrality officials. He says he will drive Campos from the island.

It is understood that Russia will claim the fruits of Japan's victory by demanding a protectorate over Corea.

Saturday, May 25.

During the fiscal year 1894 the bureau of animal industry inspected more than 13,000,000 animals at forty-six abattoirs in seventeen cities. Of this number a total of 16,703 were condemned and sent to the tank for destruction, divided as follows: Cattle, 4,127; sheep, 468; hogs, 12,110.

New York politicians are putting Governor Morton in front for the presidential nomination next year. Ohio men are just as active for McKinley. Indiana boomers are keeping Harrison's name in view, and Maine hears of no one except Reed. It is the time of the "favorite son."

The Jefferson county (Ky.) grand jury has refused to indict Gordon for butchering his wife and her paramour in a Louisville hotel.

Wheat rose at Chicago to 79¼, and sold down to 76½ on realisations, but the cereal showed no signs of a further drop.

Queen Victoria was 76 years old yesterday and the anniversary was celebrated wherever the British flag flies.

Earth from the tomb of Juarez, the Mexican hero, will be mixed with earth from the tombs of Washington, Lincoln and Garfield, in which the school children of San Francisco will plant a liberty tree.

Monday, May 27.

Wheat hangs close around 80 cents a bushel at Chicago, and there are plenty of men who predict "dollar wheat" before the boom stops.

The railway telegraphers' order has adjourned its convention at St. Louis. The only change in the official list was that J. S. T. Austin will be secretary-treasurer. Peoria, Ills., will probably get the headquarters.

William Burke, porter, was burned to death in the fire that destroyed the New Waverly hotel at Hot Spring, Ark.

Carlis Wainscoat, 16 years old, son of a prominent farmer living near Russellville, Ky., was dragged to death by a mule he was riding and which threw him.

The general assembly of the "Presbyterian Church of the United States," which has been in session at Dallas, Tex., has adjourned.

The special session of the Missouri legislature has adjourned after having passed a new election law which the governor has not yet approved.

The national Conference of Charities and Corrections is in session at New Haven, Conn., with delegates attending from all over the country.

The Past Guarantees The Future

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you. It makes pure, rich, healthy blood, tones and strengthens the nerves, creates an appetite, and builds up the whole system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, hand made, perfect in proportion and appearance.

DECORATION DAY.

'T'S lonesome, sort o' lonesome.
It's a Sund'y day to me,
It 'pears like, mor'n any day I
nearly ever see.
Yit with the stars and stripes above
a-flutterin in the air
On ev'ry soldier's grave, I'd love to
lay a lily there.

They say, though, Decoration days is ginerly observed
'Most everywhares—espeshally by soldier boys that's served—
But me and mother's never went—we seldom git away.
In p'int o' fact, we're allus home on Decoration day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in columns grand,
A-follerin the old war tunes they're playin on the band,
And citizens all jinin in and little children, too—
All marchin under shelter of the old red, white and blue.

With roses, roses, roses—ev'rybody in the town
And crowds o' little girls in white—just fairly loaded down.
Oh, don't the boys know it from theyr camp across the hill?
Don't they see theyr com'ardes comin and the old flag wavin still?

Oh, can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't they no way under heavens they can rickollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em through the roses jest to say
They know that ev'ry day on earth's theyr Decoration day?

We've tried that, me and mother, whar Elias takes his rest
In the orchard in his uniform and hands across his brest,
And the flag he died fer smilin and a-rippiin in the breeze
Above his grave and over that the robin in the trees.

And yit it's lonesome, lonesome. It's a Sund'y day to me,
It 'pears like, mor'n any day I nearly ever see.
Still with the stars and stripes above a-flutterin in the air
On ev'ry soldier's grave, I'd love to lay a lily there.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

VON GRIFF'S SURRENDER.

BY SEWELL FORD.

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

All who knew Von Griff, the baker, knew him to be a proud man. Perhaps his pride was so well known because he did not hide it. But concealment was something too subtle for the warm hearted, impetuous German. His likes and his dislikes were as easy to read as the big blue sign above his bakery door. Some there were among his customers whom he treated with open scorn. Yet they were not driven away, for Von Griff's bread was good.

There were several things of which Von Griff was proud, but his ever increasing bank account was not one of them.

Von Griff had a daughter. Rosie was her name. He loved Rosie, and he was proud of her. Von Griff also had a sword. It is not too much to say that he loved his sword, and it is but stating the bare fact to say that he was intensely proud of it.

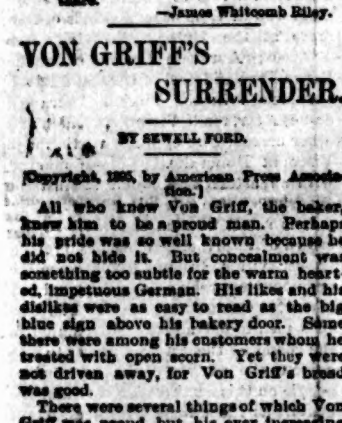
A picture of Von Griff's heart would have revealed two shrines. In one shrine would have been seen his daughter—in the other his sword.

None questioned him his pride in Rosie. There were those, however, who ridiculed his pride in his sword and scoffed at his love for it. The ridiculing and the scoffing took place apart from the presence of Von Griff.

The sword was a huge, wicked looking blade of steel in a brass bound, battered scabbard. It hung by day over the little desk at the end of the bakery counter. At night it was suspended on the wall of Von Griff's chamber and was the first object on which his eyes rested when he woke, as it was the last on which they closed when he lay down to sleep.

All who were friends of his knew the story of that sword, and had admired it. His particular friends had even been allowed to draw the huge blade. This assured them that they stood high in Von Griff's esteem. To these he told stories of his war spent youth, pointed to the white line which started just above his right temple and was lost in the grizzled hair on top of his head, and, with flashing eye and nostrils once more a-quiver, spoke of the field of Sedan, where a French saber had left that mark.

And so it was that many knew the story of that sword. To strangers was pointed out the baker who, as a German soldier,



"YOU—YOU—YOU VANT TO MARRY MINE ROSIE!"

had once met face to face a giant of the terrible Old Guard of Napoleon in deadly conflict and left him with his skull cleft in twain by a single stroke of that big sword. Doubters were shown the very sword and silenced.

When Von Griff left the fatherland, his sword was the greater part of his property. True, there was a tin trunk, and his good wife carried a few precious thalers which the passage money had not absorbed. He had not so much pride in the sword then. But as he prospered in the new land his pride grew, and he fixed it on the cherished blade, and when Rosie grew into a bright eyed, pink cheeked, fluffy haired beauty, she, too, shared in his pride. The hard-working mother had died just as the industry of herself and her husband began to bring generous reward.

Von Griff's pride, as has been hinted, was not a purse born pride. Even after he owned two large tenements and two cottages he still lived over his store and wore the same gray clothes

Simple were the habits of Von Griff. He loved to sit, on summer evenings, under the bakery awning, pipe in hand, and gossip with his neighbors. Sometimes he read—always of wars.

It happened that he was thus occupied one evening when Rosie, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, came into the sitting room. He held a magazine in one hand and his long pipe in the other.

"Oh, Rosie, mine dear, come here. I vos reading someding here, und I like you to finish id for me. Eh? That's a good girl."

"All right, papa, after I've"—

"Now, Rosie, now. Let dot vait und read me."

So Rosie, who was a good girl, proceeded to read. It was a story of Gettysburg's fierce fight. The tale was little to Rosie's liking, but she did not hesitate. As she read on and the story pictured that fearful three days' struggle on the hill tops, the warlike baker's blood was stirred. As the story detailed the slaughter in the bloody angle and in the wheatfield, and how Little Round Top was lost and captured again, his eyes flashed with excitement. But it was when the writer told of how, for hour after hour, the troops of both armies lay, face to the ground, while above them flew the iron storm from the opposing batteries, that he was stirred most. Von Griff told himself that not even on the historic field of Austerlitz was there such an awful cannonading. The description of the roar that seemed to shake the earth and sky as well reached him with full force. Had he not known the same terror himself? Heartily he agreed with the writer that the men who stood their ground there and waited during that duel of iron throated monsters until their turn came were indeed brave men and heroes.

"Rosie, dot vos grand, grand, grand!" he exclaimed when she had finished.

"Yes, I know, papa. But now I want you to listen to me. There's some one in the parlor who's coming in to say something to you, and I want you to be real nice to him."

Then she gave her father a kiss and a hug and tripped into the next room.

"Vot is dot you say, Rosie?"

Von Griff could not change the current of his thought so quickly, and Rosie's words were all but lost upon him.

On his mind was still pictured the field of Gettysburg when a young man came in from the parlor.

"Ah, dot vos grand, grand! Heroes dey were, heroes. Yes, und—vell, vell!"

He had realized that some one was present.

"Ah, Meester Fairfieldt. Vell, vot is id now? Vant to take Rosie to some more dances, eh? My chrachious, but you boys vill turn mine hair vite. Always vanting mine Rosie to go somevere."

"Mr. von Griff," said Jack Fairfield. "I want to ask you something more serious than that this time."

"Vell, vell, ouds with it," said the unsuspecting baker.

"I want—sir, I—I"—

Jack hesitated in spite of himself while he groped for the carefully prepared speech. But it was gone. He could not remember a word of it, and there he was standing stammering like a schoolboy with a half learned lesson.

"Vell, vell," said Von Griff impatiently.

Jack made a last effort to recall that elusive speech and then blurted out, "I want Rosie, Mr. von Griff, for my wife."

"Vat!"

The word seemed to be the result of an internal explosion. The baker had leaned forward in his chair in an effort to rise quickly to his feet, but had failed. All this had added to the lurid color of his face and deducted from his lung power. He made another effort to rise and succeeded.

"Vat!" he exploded again. "You—you—you vant to—to marry mine Rosie!"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, half wondering whether the baker was really going to explode or only choke himself. "She is willing, for I have asked her, and I came to get your consent."

"You—you did, eh? Hah! My consent! Vell, sir, you vill nefer get it—nefer. Vat, mine Rosie marry a jackanapes of a nobody! Mine Rosie"—

"But I'm somebody to Rosie," put in Jack, thinking a little argument might be a relief.

"To Rosie, eh? Hah! But vat are you? Who are you? Answer me dot. Who is your father?"

"You know my father, Mr. von Griff."

"Yes, I know him. He iss another nobody—a nobody, I dell you. Leaf mine house und nefer come here some more. Go avay quick!"

There seemed to be nothing for Jack to do but go. It was very plain that the baker was in no mood for argument, and, much as Jack wished to retort to the statement that he and his father were nobodies, he turned on his heel without a word and left the house.

Jack did not understand the cause of Von Griff's wrath. He looked upon it merely as the temporary ruffling of an old man's temper that a day would smooth out. But Rosie knew better. She fully comprehended the contempt in which her father held those whom he thought were of common clay and far outside the nobility of arms which he had constructed for himself. She knew that his pet project was to take her back to Germany and buy for her an army husband—a creature with waxed mustache, high boots, a clanking sword and epaulets. She realized that her father's money would attract many such and that the giving of her hand in marriage would be only a question of how high a rank the fortune of the rich baker would bring. Rosie did not propose to be made a factor in any such bargain. How to escape it though, she did not know.

Von Griff, after a troubled night, began the day in a passion which was felt by every one within reach of his voice. At last he could contain himself no longer. Putting his bread brimmed brown hat solidly on his head, he started out to find Jack's father.

Now John Fairfield was as quiet and inoffensive as the baker was irascible and pugnacious. As a humble tinsmith, he worked steadily in his little shop day after day, attracting no attention. He was retiring and slow spoken. He seemed to fill a chink in the social scheme—a chink in an out of the way corner. Yet he was

not a morose man. He was something of a philosopher in his quiet way, and a cheerful sort of philosophy was his too.

When Von Griff stormed into the tin shop, Fairfield was giving a teakettle an new lease of life by the judicious application of solder.

"Meester Fairfieldt, you haf a son, haf you not!" abruptly began the baker.

"I have," said the tinsmith, suspending operations on the teakettle.

"Und I have a daughter," went on Von Griff. "Your son, Meester Fairfieldt, has asked me for mine Rosie to marry."

"Ah?" said the tinsmith, with a smile.

"Hah, yah!" exploded the baker. "For mine Rosie to marry. Meester Fairfieldt, your son is young. He knows noddings yet. He knows not dot he is a nobodies. See vat he does! He vants to marry the daughter of a Von Griff. Hah!"

The tinsmith smiled placidly at this tirade and put his iron in the blazing charcoal.

"A Von Griff," continued the baker, throwing out his chest and striking it with his clinched fist.

"Meester Fairfieldt, I vos a soldtier, und I fights me at Sedan und Metz. Who vos you?"

The tinsmith smiled and took up the teakettle. Turning his back on the baker, he held the kettle to the light and began a search for unwelcome holes. But the baker had not finished.

"Who vos you?" he repeated.

As the tinker did not answer, Von Griff replied to his own question.

"You—you vos—a—dinker—a tam dinker. Und tink you mine Rosie efer marry the son of a dinker? No, py chracious, never! Meester Fairfieldt, your son petter keep away from mine house. I haf spoken, und I am a man of my vort."

Having thus delivered himself Von Griff turned sharply on his heel.

"Well, I guess Jack can take care of himself," remarked the tinsmith quietly.

"MEESTER FAIRFIELDT," BEGAN THE BAKER.

The baker turned fiercely at the words, glared ferociously at the unruffled object of his anger, and then left the shop.

With many a chuckle Jack's father told him of the baker's visit, and added, "The next time you go courting Rosie Von Griff, you'd better wear a suit of chain armor, my boy."

But Rosie would not let Jack run any such risks. She made him promise not to go near her father until she should give him permission to do so, and to repay him she planned many ingenious meetings. So the courtship went merrily on in spite of Von Griff and his big sword.

May had almost gone and spring was fairly installed in winter's place when one day Rosie met Jack with reddened eyes and serious face.

"Why, Rosie, what's the matter? You've been crying."

"I know I have, and I'm going to make you cry, too," she said dolefully.

"Oh, now don't! Just think, wouldn't I look nice weeping?"

"Now, Jack Fairfield, you just stop making fun of me and listen. Something dreadful's going to happen."

"Well, what is it?"

"My papa is going—going—oh, Jack—he's going to take me to Germany and marry me off to an old army officer. There—how do you like that?"

"But he's not going to do anything of the kind."

"Yes, he is. We're to start in June."

"Then we'll be married tomorrow. I'd like to see him take you off to Germany then."

"Oh, Jack, I wouldn't dare do that. He would—oh, he would kill you! I shudder every time I see him handle his big sword now!"

"Nonsense, Rosie. He would do nothing of the sort. He might lose his breath and say things, but folks are not carved up nowadays by their fathers-in-law. Don't you worry."

Rosie insisted, though, that she would worry, but she admitted afterward that her father had not definitely decided when they should start, and that nothing had been said concerning the army officer.

A few days later Jack saw Von Griff, and he was tempted to go to him then, and tell him that he knew all about his plan to take Rosie off to Germany. The baker was standing out in the street before his store directing the work of two of his assistants who were tacking festoons of red, white and blue bunting on the awning. It was the afternoon of the day before Memorial day, and it was in honor of this that the patriotic baker was decorating.

But Jack saw Rosie looking from an upper window, and he contented himself with slyly throwing a kiss in her direction. Rosie hid herself from the view of her father below and threw one back.

When the parade of the veterans passed down the main street of the village the next day, Von Griff's bakery was resplendent with the national colors. What was lacking in taste was made up in lavishness. Flags little and flags big were tacked in rows across the front of the building. The awning posts were swathed in red, white and blue cambric, and there was a big red lettered motto painted on cotton cloth, which read:

"HONOR TO THE HEROES."

Von Griff, the author of all this display, stood under the awning looking happy, and beaming with suppressed enthusiasm.

With a martial roll of drums the parade came down the street. First came the grand marshal on a prancing big gray horse. Then came the local officials, in two open barouches, next the band, and behind, marching with heads erect and in as good time as rheumatism and age stiffened limbs would allow, came the veterans; some in full Grand Army uniform, with white crossed belts over blue suits and brass tipped helmets, and some with only the black slouched hat, ornamented with wreath inclosed post number and the cord and tassel, to denote that they were of those who had fought side by side with those whose graves they had just decorated.

The marshal of the day noticed Von Griff's patriotic display and determined to reward the spirit in which it had been made.

Reining in his gray steed, he wheeled and gave the order to halt. Then bringing the veterans to a company front up and down the street he roared as he waved his sword:

"Com-pan-ee, attention! Sa-a-a-a-alo-o-oot!"

As each veteran swung his right hand up, palm outward, to his hat brim Von Griff, heart swelling and eyes dimmed, drew himself up to the most stiffly martial attitude which his corpulency would allow and returned the salute.

As the veterans again formed into fours and began to march on, Von Griff's gaze fell on a man in veteran's uniform marching modestly in one of the rear ranks. It was John Fairfield.

On the day following the parade the tinsmith was hard at work in his shop when in walked Von Griff.

"Meester Fairfieldt," began the baker, with his usual abruptness, "I am von idiot, und you are von hero. I came here to ask of you your pardons."

"Oh, that's all right," said Fairfield, with a laugh at the baker's earnestness and humility.

"Vill you shake mine handt?"

"Why, of course."

With due formality and solemnity the handshaking was accomplished. But the baker had not finished.

"Meester Fairfieldt," he continued, "yesterday I learn dot you vos a hero. Today I find dot you are also von gentlemans."

"Well, I never considered myself a hero, Mr. von Griff, but I thank you for the latter expression of your esteem," replied Fairfield, still with an amused expression on his face.

"But you are von hero," persisted the baker warmly. "Dey tell me how you fought at Gettysburg. Dot iss enough. Meester Fairfieldt, I vos a soldtier mineself, und I fight at Sedan, but I never fought in von grandt, von terrible struggle like you haf, und vonce more, Meester Fairfieldt, I salute you as von hero. As for your son, I vant you to say to him dot he iss as welcome in mine house as in his own, und dot when he iss ready vonce more to ask me someding vich he vonce alretty does I vill be pleased to hear him."

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY M. QUAD.

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We had been held in reserve on the second day at Gettysburg so long that men and horses became nervous and afraid. My horse was an old veteran who would drop his head and pick at the green grass with a battery firing on either side of us, but as the moments dragged away on this occasion he evinced a woman's nervousness. I looked down the lines and saw that the alignment was constantly being broken by the horses backing up or forging ahead. They could see the fighting to the right and in front, and the smoke from the Union battery to the left and in front of us drove back and over us and the horses breathed it in and blew it out of their nostrils in gasps.

A tremor of excitement—a sort of shiver—ran down the line.

The wind had shifted a bit to blow the smoke to our left, and down across the meadows we saw the Confederate cavalry forming, with the green woods for a background. Jeb Stuart's men were there, Ashby's men, men from Hampton's legion, Imboden's Virginians, Rosser's rangers, guerrillas from Mosby's command. There were fragments from every cavalry command we had met on the turnpikes of old Virginia, and there wasn't a squadron which wouldn't stand for a charge. The battery began firing more rapidly, and there wasn't a man of us who did not realize what was coming long enough before we got the word. Some of the horses knew it too. You could feel them filling their lungs and stringing up their nerves for hard work.

"They are going to charge our battery!" was the exclamation on every man's lips, but we could not be sure of just the part we were to play in the affair. If dismounted and used as infantry to support the guns, we could make a desperate fight of it, and for several minutes we listened to hear such an order given. During this time an aid rode up with an order to the colonel. It was an order from the general to retire the battery. It had come too late. Some of the battery horses had been killed and a number of others wounded by the explosions of the big shells thrown at us from the woods behind the Confederate cavalry, and the way to the rear was also blocked by the ammunition wagons which had come up. The battery would be lost or saved right where it stood.

At the end of five minutes, while we yet sat waiting, the troopers in gray wheeled into line under a fire which must have tried the nerves of the bravest, and then the compact mass got the word to advance. They were coming for our battery, which was without infantry supports. There we stood, two thin, short lines, representing a thousand dragoons, but not numbering one-half of that figure, and a body of five

"CHARGE!"

to one was moving down upon us. I saw several of the gunners look back. They saw the odds and wondered perhaps why we did not run away.

"Attention!"

We had obeyed the order before it was given.

"Right dress!"

We were a few seconds ahead of the command.

"Forward—draw sabers—guide right—trot!"

Ah! We are off! The gray moves north and the blue moves south. We are going to meet in the meadow below. We must hold them back until infantry supports can be brought up. Every man knows that he is moving down into a maelstrom of death, but no one begs. A strange exultation creeps into the heart. It is as if you had heard some grand, good news, and wanted to shout over it and tell everybody of your good luck.

"Gallop—charge!"

Death! Why, if one could die a score of times instead of only once, there would be no fear. I sit so lightly in the saddle that my horse seems to have no weight to carry. He skims over the ground as if he had wings, and I begin cheering and yelling in chorus with my comrades. It is a living missile of 500 men thrown at the front of 3,000. What a crash there will be! How horses will go down and men pitch from their saddles! Afraid? No! Why, man, I would not miss this scene for a year's life! My hand clutches the saber with a strength I did not know I possessed. I feel a hunger for blood such as I never felt before.

"Yi, yi! Whoop—rah!" and we strike them fair in the center. The 500 have the greatest momentum, and we drive through the 3,000 as a wedge is pounded into soft wood. Men strike at me. There is a flash, flash, and a pop, pop, of pistols. I strike back. I feel the desire of the tiger to slay.

"Rally!"

We have driven through the mass, and the bugles sound the call to gather for the return. The horses obey it without a touch of the rein. It seems that the whole living mass is riding in a circle, and that there is blood on every man and horse. All of a sudden we shoot out from under the smoke cloud into the sunshine—not the 500, but the 300—and the battery opens again. We are to the right of it, and it sends grapeshot into a wild mob to drive it back into the cover of the woods. It is a sight to look down over that field. Five hundred dead and wounded men and horses are lying there. It is only as I sit on my horse and look over the field that I begin to feel weak and grow frightened. My head begins to swim, things grow dark, and some one helps me to the ground. I have a pistol ball in my shoulder, and the blood is running down my back from a saber cut on the head.

Not Forgotten.

When the sun sinks to rest on Memorial day, lighting with red flashes the green hills of May, wherever the dust of a soldier awaits the call of Gabriel's bugle there will flutter a fresh flag and bloom a wreath of flowers. Man dies, soldier and civilian, in war and peace, but the memory and gratitude of the nation live and will live till republics are no more and the earth is rolled together like a scroll.

LAY HIM LOW.

LOSE his eyes; his work is done.
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow.
What cares he? He cannot know.
Lay him low.

As a man may he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor.
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow.
What cares he? He cannot know.
Lay him low.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley.
What to him are all our wars?
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow.
What cares he? He cannot know.
Lay him low.

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by.
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow.
What cares he? He cannot know.
Lay him low.

—George Henry Boker.

ROMANCE OF A NUN.

Her Northern Lover Shot as a Spy by His Southern Rival.

"One day I was strolling through the orange fields of a place on the gulf of Mexico," said M. P. Corcoran of New Orleans, "with Father Bally when we suddenly approached the figure of a nun. She was tall and shapely, and though her face was perfectly white her beauty was such that I paused involuntarily and exclaimed, 'There is a picture for an artist.'

"Father Bally returned dryly that here was not physical beauty, but beauty of the soul. I replied that I could well believe that, having looked for a moment into her dark, soulful eyes. I saw her frequently thereafter and had no difficulty in learning of her past, for every one seemed to be acquainted with her romantic career.

"Before the war she was the only daughter of an extremely wealthy planter and lived in one of the large, handsome homesteads which then were so often seen in the land of Dixie. She had been educated in Paris and had acquired all the graces which are supposed to accompany a perfect education in the fine arts. As she was an heiress she had many admirers, one of whom was a southerner, while another lived in the north, having met the accomplished girl in Paris. There was a hot race for her hand, but her heart evidently inclined to the latter suitor, who was graceful and talented and altogether a worthy young fellow. The southerner witnessed his rival's success with much chagrin, and when the announcement of the engagement was made he was heard to remark that he would kill his hated rival at the altar. However, the wedding bells did not ring, for war troubles were imminent. The lovers took a sorrowful farewell, vowing to be loyal to each other, though he perforce was going to join the ranks of the enemy of the south and assist in putting down the Confederacy.

"The denouement to the story was sad and startling. One day a man, worn out and travel stained, sought refuge at the house and was admitted into the young woman's presence. She gave a cry of rapture, for it was her northern lover, and then exclaimed with consternation:

"'How did you get here?'

"'By crossing the line.'

"'But if you are found here they will kill you.'

"'I could not resist seeing you.'

"Then, in an agitated manner, she informed him that a detachment of southern soldiers was encamped beyond the small wood and that the officer in command was his former rival.

"At this moment the door was burst open, and a number of soldiers entered the room.

"'Ah, here is the spy!' said a voice. It was the southern rival.

"The young woman threw herself before the southerner.

"'You know he is no spy!' she exclaimed.

"'Well, he will be shot as one.'

"'Have you no mercy!'

"'What mercy have you had for me? He shall die like a dog!'

"'See,' she implored. 'I beg on my knees. Could you not withdraw your men or so arrange it that he may return?'

"'Possibly I could.'

"'And you will?'

"'On one condition.'

"'Name it!'

"He bent over her and whispered in her ear.

"'Never!' she exclaimed.

"'Then he shall die.'

"'Not as a spy!' exclaimed the northerner, rushing for the window. There

THERE WAS A SHARP REPORT.

was a sharp report. The northerner staggered, placed his hands to his breast, and then fell to the floor, dead, shot by his rival before the eyes of the young woman who had been the occasion of the bitter vendetta. She became a nurse and after the war retired to a convent, where doubtless she still cherishes the memory of her lover.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 1, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"A Gaiety Girl."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Closed—"Little Robinson Crusoe" June 8.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Gismonda."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Cotton King."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Alladin, Jr."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Closed

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Smugglers."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

REPLY TO A CLERICAL CRITIC.

A clerical subscriber, who is a good Irishman, according to his lights, has written to us protesting against what he is pleased to call "the severity of your (our) remarks regarding the recent encyclical of Pope Leo XIII to the English people," and saying further that articles of the kind we write "tend to weaken the faith of Catholics." Well, we are sorry for the "Catholics" whose faith can be weakened by a secular criticism of a non-dogmatic papal utterance. Such "Catholics" ought to be locked up in vaults and kept there, for fear the fresh air might strike them and injure their health. The Pope of Rome, as head of the Catholic church, has our filial reverence, but the same great dignitary, as an interpreter of ordinary human history, is quite as liable to be in the wrong as we may be. Therefore, we assert, that when he calls the English people, who have been our "base, bloody and brutal" persecutors, for Catholic conscience sake, during centuries, and who still refuse, by statute and by oath, to consider a possible Catholic successor to the British throne in any other light than that of a usurper and outlaw—when he calls such a people "illustrious," he virtually indorses their persecutions and their plunderings, as practiced in Ireland: he places the faithful Irish people, who have fought, bled, starved and pinched for the Roman Catholic church, in the wrong; he glorifies their enemies and humiliates them.

It isn't a few Newmans, or Mannings, or Howards, or Vaughans that can make the English race "illustrious." When Norman conqueror and Saxon serf commingled, the English nation began its career as a robber and an assassin. It has consistently followed the original programme from age to age, even down to our own day. The coffers of the English crown have been enriched by the robbery of the Catholic church. The imperial flag of England has been dyed an abhorrent red by the shedding of Catholic (Irish) blood. The whole world has been filled with millions of Catholic (Irish) exiles driven forth by the atrocious government of the cruel English people. How can Pope Leo call such a people—pirates, plunderers, persecutors and perverts—"illustrious?" Or has the word an Italian meaning which we do not understand?

According to Noah Webster, whose authority will hardly be disputed, in America at least, "illustrious" means:

"1. Possessing lustre or brightness; brilliant, luminous, splendid.

"2. Characterized by greatness, nobleness, etc.; eminent, conspicuous, distinguished.

"3. Conferring lustre or honor, renowned, etc."

Now, if leading the "reformation" movement against the Catholic church in Western Europe, means illustrious, England certainly has shone for more than three centuries as a Morning Star of Protestant aggressiveness in Ireland, and, even in our own day, her Protestant missionaries in that country approached the starving Catholic peasants with a bowl of Exeter hall soup in one hand and a King James' Bible in the other. The English are firm believers in the effects of a full stomach on the salvation of a soul, especially when it marches toward heaven on a heretical by-road. But thousands of the faithful Catholic Irish starved to death rather than accept either the soup or the Bible from Pope Leo's "illustrious" English friends. That is more than the latter would do for any church that has ever existed. They would take the soup, even if the Devil, with a Plutonic omnibus, was waiting to convey their souls to hell, as a result of their animal indulgence.

If lust of empire, satisfied at the sacrifice of the liberty, independence, prosperity and honor of weaker nations, makes a people great, then, indeed, the English are "illustrious"—the most illustrious pirates "that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

If deeds of demon cruelty, committed in Ireland, from A. D. 1169 almost to the present year; in India since the middle of the last century, and in different other portions of the globe at intervals—including the Wyoming Valley massacre in Pennsylvania during the days of the Revolution—can make a people renowned, then the English are renowned above all other races, and deserve the public applause which Pope Leo has given them.

But, it may be said, the Pope wishes to convert the English to Catholicity!

We laugh the supposition of their conversion to scorn. The idealistic, spiritual temperament which makes the Catholic does not belong to the gross, selfish English nature. What, they who spurned the faith of Christ in the dawn of materialism accept it now, when the fire of infidelity scorches the brow of the world, like the breath of a blast furnace? It is not in the average English nature to be Catholic. For it Calvary is but a heap of rocks; Mount Olivet a Judean hill, Gethsemane a fable—the mass an idolatry! Few of the Teutonic races have the Catholic inspiration. That belongs to the Latin, the Slav and the Celt—the Celt whose fire has not turned to ashes. Norman-Saxons there are who believe in the Catholic doctrine, but, oh, how few when contrasted with the inert, stolid mass of the nation!

No, reverend friend, the faith that has stood in Ireland, and elsewhere, the shock of Henry, of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of William and the Georges, can stand also having the truth told, from the honest standpoint of a Catholic layman, whose heart is with enslaved, ill requited Ireland and against her "illustrious" and imperial foes. It is a passion that was born in us and will abide, even when we stand before the judgment seat of Him who measures the worthiness of nations not by their earthly conquests, but by their sacrifices in the cause of that heavenly kingdom which will not pass away.

BAYARD AND CLEVELAND AS BRITISH SUBJECTS.

There comes a cable statement from London to the following effect: "The story drifts in from Wilmington, Del., through confidential channels that Thomas F. Bayard, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of St. James, intends to take up his residence in England soon after the expiration of his term of office. Mr. Bayard has certain interests of a business sort in America that may require his time and attention for a few months to settle up, but those off his hands, he will return to London, it is said, with a view of passing his remaining days in or near that world metropolis. The American minister has repeatedly expressed himself as highly pleased with his surroundings in England. The pomp and frills and furbelows of English society are quite to his liking, and he has in his old age found life worth living. His distinguished position will insure him the social recognition so dear to his heart, and as he has an ample fortune there is nothing to prevent him from the fullest enjoyment of ideal existence. The story credits him with the intention of renouncing allegiance to United States and becoming a full-fledged subject of the queen, but that part of the tale is too incredible for belief. Mr. Bayard will be sixty-nine years old when President Cleveland's term expires, and it can hardly be possible that a man who has been a senator of the United States and who has filled the highest post in the diplomatic service of his country, would care to cut loose from a people who had conferred such honors upon him. That sort of thing might do for scions of the Astor family and for others of the Anglomaniacs of effete New York, but not for a Bayard. It is quite a different thing, however, for him to go to England to pass the evening of life among people and amid surroundings he finds himself in thorough harmony with."

Of all the American ministers sent to England since the war period we can only recall two, Welch of Philadelphia, and Lincoln of Chicago, who maintained the dignity of their official position. There may have been others, but we cannot now recall their names. In point of flunkeyism to the British, James Russell Lowell—otherwise an amiable and gifted man—stood first until Mr. Bayard became our ambassador at the Court of St. James. Old age may have something to do with this gentleman's Anglomania, although he was ever inclined to be, at least, as much British as American. This is all the more extraordinary from the fact that Bayard is a distinctively French name, and the Ambassador is, most likely, of direct Huguenot descent. The English are adepts at flattering the weaknesses of representative, or misrepresentative, Americans. They know how to "dazzle," disarm and capture them. Bayard, as American ambassador, is quite a big gun in social London, but Bayard, as a private citizen, would be quite another thing. He might not, then, be much of a "lion" in society. Rather he might degenerate into the quality of an excessively extraordinary long-eared quadruped, who, as the fable says, once engulfed his personality in the skin of the king of beasts. Bayard's permanent residence in England would not be mourned in America. This country is exceptionally jealous of the loyalty of her sons, although she allows her daughters, who sell their beauty for pus bespotted titles, a wide indulgence. We hope that when Stephen Cleveland's term of office expires, he will follow the example of his older yokefellow and transfer himself to London, where, no doubt, as he walks arm in arm with Bayard down Pall Mall, the English clubmen will confidentially inquire of the latter, "Who the devil is your fat friend?"

THE LATE SECRETARY GRESHAM.

Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham died of a complication of diseases at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, D.C., on Tuesday morning. He was in his 63d year, and sprang from the ranks of the American people, like other famous men of the Republic. As a public officer he was incorruptible, but, as a politician, had not the strength of mind which enables a really great man to ignore slights and injustice rather than desert a public principle. He deserted the Republican party in the hour of its disaster, and was rewarded by Cleveland with the office from which the hand of death has relieved him. While acknowledging Judge Gresham's amiable qualities as a man, THE CITIZEN cannot conscientiously hold him up to American youth as an exemplar in political affairs.

WOOD, NEY AND WELLINGTON.

Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood, of the British army, following the example of Generals Wolseley and Roberts, has been writing a series of highly interesting articles on "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign" in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which is easily the best literary periodical published in Great Britain. General Wood seems to be more analytical in his dissection of that celebrated campaign than either of his brother generals, and shows very conclusively that the army under Napoleon at Waterloo was by no means the best for its numbers he had ever commanded, as has been so frequently asserted by British military writers. On the contrary, the number of conscripts was particularly large, and their awkwardness compelled the French generals of infantry to crowd them into close columns of attack—a plan that had much to do with the loss of the battle by the Emperor. Some writers have sneered at the latter's statement to Capt. Maitland of the Bellerophon that the Middle Guard, who made the final charge under Ney, were not veterans, but partly untrained soldiers dressed as such, which explained their unsteadiness under the combined infantry, cavalry and artillery attack directed upon them by the Duke of Wellington. It is now, however, evident that Napoleon spoke the truth; for Gen. Wood gives particulars of the disastrous attack of Drouet d'Erlon's corps on La Haye Sainte early in the day, which leaves no doubt that the mass of the French soldiers on the field of Waterloo were comparatively raw troops, filled, indeed, with a fiery valor, but lacking that masterful steadiness which can alone wrest victory from defeat. Moreover, the French, owing to the terrific rain storm of June 17, went into bivouac supperless—their commissariat wagons not having arrived—and went into battle breakfastless the next day—a ration of brandy, and some half ripe ears af wheat being their only sustenance. The British army, while it also suffered greatly from the elements, and, like the French, was compelled to bivouac in the standing grain fields under the pouring rain, had, at least, something substantial to eat, and went into the fight refreshed as to the inner man.

The General describes, very graphically, in Article No. III of his series, contained in the May number of the magazine, the repulse of D'Erlon's corps and Dubois' cavalry brigade by Picton's and Kempt's divisions and the Union and Household cavalry brigades, in the first attack upon La Haye Sainte, and does not fail to acknowledge that the French cuirassiers and lancers amply avenged that repulse on the scattered British cavalry a little later on.

His articles are extremely fair to all concerned in the conflict, if we may except the illustrious Marshal Ney, whom he pictures as having been inferior to Murat in magnetism and as a cavalry leader. He also depicts him as an underbred man, rather illiterate and given to the use of coarse and vulgar language. We would wish to find out where Gen. Wood found authority for these strictures on the immortal Marshal. The man who outbraved the bravery of Murat in the deadly amphitheatre of the streets of Elchingen; who, "audacious and invulnerable," plunged sword in hand into the awful vortex of the great redoubt at Borodino, saving the French army by his superhuman valor; who "commanded successively every corps of the Grand Army" as a rear guard in the retreat from Russia, and who remained faithfully at his post when Murat deserted the trust reposed in him by Napoleon, and fled to Italy to look after his fences in Naples; the man who in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, in Germany and France, was present in every battle and a hero in all; and who finally, at Waterloo, having had six horses shot under him during the day, led the last attack on foot at the head of the Imperial Guard—such a man could be, in no sense, inferior to Murat as a leader. The whole French army loved and respected Ney—this we have from a hundred writers—while it admired and distrusted Murat, who was brilliant but unreliable, being much more afraid of the sharp tongue of his ambitious wife, Caroline Bonaparte, than of the fire of the entire artillery of hostile Europe. Murat—the meteor of the battlefield—was really a hen-pecked husband, and this hen-pecking had much to do with his ultimate dethronement and tragical death, which was only a degree less sad than that of the gallant and unfortunate Ney.

English writers, whether through ignorance or malice, have generally taken occasion to paint most of Napoleon's favorite marshals as coarse, illbred men. Ney's "low origin," as they call it, is never lost sight of by them. His father was a "boss cooper," who made a good living for his family. He had served with credit in the royal army before the Revolution, and his eldest son, Pierre Ney, had been killed in Italy fighting under some of the Republican generals, possibly Bonaparte himself. The second son, Michel, received a good education, as his letters, some of which can be seen in this city, amply prove. English officers, such as General (then Major) Sir Charles Napier, who fell into his hands as prisoners of war in Spain, speak of him in the highest terms. He lent them money, procured their exchange as soon as possible, and, in every possible way, proved himself one of nature's gentlemen.

The Bourbon agents, of course, had a motive in picturing Ney and others as military barbarians. The Marshal, like all soldiers, may have been rough and emphatic at times, but we doubt if he swore half as often by the sacred name of his maker as the polite and aristocratic Duke of Wellington, who always turned up his nose at Napoleon's "promoted sergeants."

Greville, also an aristocrat, in his interesting memoirs, giver a rather profane account of the wounding of the Earl of Uxbridge (Lord Anglesea) at Waterloo. The Duke, Uxbridge and another officer were riding together at the close of the battle, in the direction where the square of the Old Guard was making its last stand under Cambronne, when suddenly Uxbridge cried out, "By G—, I've lost my right leg!" Wellington merely remarked, "Have you? By G—!"

Here is another example, from the same source, of Wellington's polish and piety: Greville and he walked out one afternoon around the premises of a nobleman of whom they were the guests. Suddenly the Duke remembered that it was the anniversary of Salamanca, and immediately began speaking of that event. The French, under Marmont, had made no mistake and had rather the best of the position, when Wellington and his staff entered a farmyard to partake of luncheon. He had finished his, the staff were trying to get theirs, as best they could, while dodging shells and cannon balls, coming from the French batteries. "I went to a low wall, somewhat like this," said Wellington to Greville, pointing to the garden wall, "and laid my telescope upon it. Immediately, I saw Marmont extending his left from his centre, with the intention of outflanking me. By G— that will do, said I (Wellington), and I'll attack directly."

He did—Gen. Pakenham, afterward killed at New Orleans, leading the charge—and the French were badly defeated, Marmont himself being wounded. The moral of the story, however, is this: if Ney, son of a cooper, was vulgar because he swore on provocation, Wellington, son of an earl, was doubly vulgar when he took the name of God in vain on, at least, two historic occasions.

THE DANVILLE LYNCHING.

A good deal of Pecksniffism has been indulged in by American public men relative to the hanging by an enraged mob of two young miscreants of Danville, Ill., who committed nameless outrage on the person of a respectable, pure minded young lady. The only question to be decided is, Were they the guilty men? This seems to be undeniable. Then hanging was much too good for them. They ought to have been subjected to a worse punishment, the brutal, cowardly dogs. Every decent man and woman in the land should applaud their summary execution. It was one of the few instances in which mob law was justifiable. And, everything considered, the fault lies not with the infuriated farmers of Vermillion county, but with the law makers of the state, who have failed to make rape, aggravated by plural participation of assailants, a capital offense. There have been cases where adventuresses have charged men with criminal assault for purposes of vengeance or blackmail, but where a modest young girl, or irreproachable matron, well known in the community, is the victim, death is not too heavy a punishment for this odious form of crime. If rapists had the rope dangling before their eyes, such outrages as that at Danville would be more uncommon, and mobs would have no excuse for taking the law into their own hands.

THE DEMOCRATIC KNIGHT ERRANT.

The Chicago *Chronicle*, the new, and only, Democratic party daily organ now published in the city, made its appearance Tuesday morning in good shape, carrying a chip on its shoulder, which, no doubt, our Republican editorial friends will lose no time in knocking off. Considering the very short time in which the creators of the new arrival had to work, the *Chronicle* is still another credential of Chicago pluck and enterprise. The able editors have prodded up the discouraged Democratic mule, until he stands again erect "in our midst," and his ears have been sufficiently starched to stand out from his diminished head with their old-time audacious unbendingness. His hind legs look as if they were gathering strength for a death-dealing kick, but we listen in vain for his well remembered bray! Russell and Seymour writeably, even when we don't agree with their views, but what a dull, meaningless place this world would be if we all agreed upon every subject under the sun, and did not agree to disagree!

The *Chronicle* has buckled on its shield, and sharpened its lance, to do battle for the maligned lambs of the Democratic fold, the present John P. Altgeld, and (shall we venture to say it?) the past John P. Hopkins. THE CITIZEN bears no ill will to either of these distinguished gentlemen, but it sympathizes with the *Chronicle* in its laborious, self-imposed mission of defense, where, perhaps, both these heavily assaulted martyrs think no defense is needed. John P.! John P.! Guilty or innocent an aspiring politician of Illinois might as well have a string of millstones for a necklace as bear that name in state, county or city politics. But "ne'er may valor lose its meed," and in this spirit we hail the promising advent of that bold leader of the Democratic forlorn hope—the *Chronicle*.

THE RASCALS WHO RUIN IRELAND.

A vigorous writer in the Waterford *Citizen* has been larruping the life out of the Anglo-Irish "aristocracy," of late. He has, indeed, a sharp pen steeped in the concentrated essence of gall. Hardly a "noble" house in Great Britain and Ireland has escaped his caustic regards, but he is particularly severe on the infamous race of Luttrell, descended from the traitor general who uncovered the Irish left at the battle of Aughrim, and their final fate he thus summarizes: "Junius writing of the third Henry Luttrell says, 'As far as their history has been known the son has regularly improved upon the vices of the father and has taken care to transmit them pure and undiminished into the bosoms of his successors.' The Duke of Cumberland, son of King George II, married this monster's sister, thus allying the royal family—to quote the words of Sir George Trevelyan—with 'a member of a family which was regarded much as a Christian in the Middle Ages would regard a reputed descendant of Judas.' Possibly the lady's family was as good as the one she married into; yet it is fortunate for the world that it is now extinct. The last of this devil's brood was Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, who was a gambler and imprisoned for debt after the death of her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland. To escape this plight she paid a barber £50 to marry her, when under the English law her debts became his and she went free. She went to the Continent, going lower and lower, until she was finally arrested for picking pockets in Augsburg, and condemned to clean streets chained to a wheelbarrow. She ended her miserable life and closed a long chapter of infamy by taking poison. The cycle was complete from traitor to suicide; but the foul name of Luttrell remains in Irish history only as a stain of blood remains black and inexpungable to recall a dark tragedy of the past."

Yet, the Waterford writer overlooked the fact that Col. Simon Luttrell, brother of the traitor of Aughrim, remained faithful to King James and sailed with Sarsfield to France. He was an officer of the Irish Brigade and, covered with honorable wounds, died, we believe childless, in the service of Louis XIV.

Our Waterford friend, in concluding his series, makes the following spicy summary of a number of well known Irish titled houses:

"Some of the other 'noble' lords, whose histories space forbids us to give, should have their names and titles known. They are all bad; some are merely worse than others. Here are their names and titles both; and I simply call attention to the fact that the names themselves indicate in nearly every instance, not an Irish but an English or Scotch origin; make a note of that. A 'sweet lot' of rascals—Trench, made Lord Ashtown; Will Handcock, of Athlone, created Lord Castlemaine; General Henniker, made Lord Henniker; Colonel John Blaquiere, made Lord de Blaquiere; John Bingham of Tuam, made Lord Clanmorris, Clotworthy Rowley, created Lord Longford; Richard Quin, made Lord Adare; Charles Coote, made Lord Castlecoote; John Preston, made Lord Tara (what a name the impudent rascal chose for his title); Maurice Mahon, made Lord Hartland; Henry Prittie, made Lord Dunalley; William Hare, made Lord Ennismore (this hare was a fox); Robert King, made Lord Erris*; Lord Clanricarde made Earl of Clanricarde*; Henry Sandford, made Lord Mount Sandford; Hugh Massey, made Lord Clarina*; Joseph Blake, of Galway, made Lord Wallscourt; Lodge Morres, made Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency; John Toler, made Earl of Norbury (this eminent blackguard shall have a chapter all to himself in the future; he is known as the Irish Jeffreys); Lord Ely, made Marquis of Ely and Lord Loftus in the English peerage (his descendant being a bankrupt could not vote on home rule; 'the devil's corn all goes to bran.') Charles Agar, a clergyman and rogue, made Bishop of Cloyne, Archbishop of Cashel, Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Somerton, Viscount Somerton, and Earl of Normanton. (In those days the Established Church of Ireland was simply a government department, officered in the same way. If it had any connection with religion it was very carefully concealed). Robert Cunningham, made Lord Rossmore; (the present Rossmore is an Orangeman and has been found guilty of abominable practices*). Sexton Pery, made Viscount Pery; Rev. Cecil Pery, made Bishop of Killaloe, Bishop of Limerick and Baron Glentworth; his son, Lord Glentworth, made in 1800 Earl of Limerick and Baron Foxford in the English Peerage*. Mr. Cole, of Enniskillen, made Baron Mount Florence, Viscount and Earl of Enniskillen; his son received also an English Peerage, Baron Grinstead*; James Alexander, made Earl of Caledon*; John Brown, made Lord Kilmaine*; Hugh Carleton, of Cork, made Viscount Carleton; John Scott, made Earl of Clonmel (this scoundrel was a common thief, and his friend was the miscreant known in history as the 'Sham Squire'); Robert Clive, forger, liar and public robber of India, etc., made Baron Clive, of Plassey, in Ireland; his son made Earl of Powis in the English peerage*; James Cuffe, of Mayo, a swindler and notorious adulterer, made Lord Tyrawley; Barry Yelverton, made Lord Avonmore; Robert Deane, made Baron Muskerry*; John Burke, of Naas, made Lord Naas, Viscount and Earl of Mayo; his son was made an archbishop. The present Earl's uncle, Baron Connemara, was divorced from his wife for adultery and cruelty*; James Corry started, after the siege of Limerick, a line of traitors and swindlers who in time became Earls of Belmore at the Union, receiving also £30,000*; Abraham Creighton, made Baron Erne and Earl of Erne and Baron Fermanagh in the English Peerage*; James Agar, made Viscount Clifden and other names; St. Leger Aldworth, made Viscount Doneraile." [Those marked with an asterisk all voted against the Gladstone home rule bill in 1893.]

It is small wonder that with such a crowd of unprincipled leeches preying on her vitals, Ireland has become the unfortunate wreck of a once proud and respected nation that she is. The reptiles mentioned above were planted in the island by the English power to be a curse to the natives of the soil, and no people on this earth were ever cursed so heavily as the unhappy farmer serfs of Ireland.

A SINGULAR ERROR OF A POET.

A singular historical error has crept into James Whitcomb Riley's fine dialect poem on "Brother Jonathan to the A.P.A.," which has been published in nearly every English written newspaper, except the Knownothing-Orange organs, in the world. The error occurs in the sixth stanza, which, as commonly printed, reads thus:

"Some of my folks were Catholics as
fur back 's '76!
An' thirty-six years later helped me out
ev a nasty fix;
An' as fer Irish in Mexico, of all *Zach's*
bloodiest fields,
He found, at Cerro Gordo, his biggest
hoss was Shields!"

To students of American military history, the error is patent at once. It was Scott, not Zach Taylor, who commanded at Cerro Gordo, where General James Shields led the charge on the Telegraph hill, and was shot through and through, but survived. The lines, therefore, should read—"An' as fer Irish, in Mexico, of all *Scott's* bloodiest fields, etc."

As a matter of literary fact, however, Riley originally wrote them thus:

"An' as fer Irish in Mexico, of all Zach's
bloodiest fields
He found, at Palor Alter, his biggest hoss
was Shields!"

The poet committed the original error, because Shields did not particularly distinguish himself at Palo Alto. He made his reputation at Cero Gordo, and, subsequently, at Chapultepec. Gen. Winfield Scott used to always address the Irish hero as "My Cerro Gordo friend."

HOW THE BRITISH "LOVE" AMERICA.

On Victoria's birthday, May 21, a fool Englishman, out in Kansas, employed on the Santa Fe railroad, vented his spleen by calling the stripes and stars "a dirty rag." The local Grand Army Post went to the trouble of asking the railroad officers to discharge him. Instead, one of them should have given him a sound thrashing. On the same day, in London, Ont., an Orange militia officer, named Denison, tore down an American flag, which a German, named Wagner, had put up beside the Union jack in honor of the Widow's natal day. In Windsor, Ont., also on May 24, while a Toronto High-

land battalion was marching to the ferry dock to take the boat to Walkerville, an Englishman, Major Henderson, observed an American flag flying from a pole on the port-side of the steamer Sappho on which the troops were to embark. He shouted, "Haul down that Irish flag," and refused to go aboard with his command until this was done. It is only fair to suppose that the ruffian was drunk, which made him color blind. This is how "our British cousins" feel toward America. They badly need a licking, but they will never get it while Cleveland holds down the presidential chair.

LORD ROSEBERY, having abandoned home rule which, indeed, he never seriously espoused, has taken to knighting actors, authors and war correspondents. Among those so favored are Sir Henry Irving, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Lewis Morris and Sir Bull Run Russell, the putative father of war correspondence.

As we go to press, the death is announced of Mr. John W. Garvey, a prominent citizen of Chicago, who has held many honorable public positions A more extended notice will be given in next issue.

A LONDON dispatch of the 26th ult. says: "The *Observer*, in an editorial on the retirement of Admiral Meade, applauds the singular moral courage of President Cleveland in the navy department in risking defeat at the polls for the sake of the friendship of England in dismissing Admiral Meade, and suggests that Lord Rosebery ask the government at Washington to reinstate Admiral Meade. Such a graceful act could not fail to still closer bind the two people, the *Observer* says."

MILES O'REILLY'S UNION SONG.

Recognizing Memorial Day, and that the impartial decoration of Union and Confederate graves was first begun by Southern (Rebel) women in Tennessee, an ex-Union veteran sends us some verses by the late Gen. Charles Graham Halpine, of the Federal army (Miles O'Reilly), as follows:

(Written in "Reconstruction" times.)

Ring it out from every steeple,
Shout it back from every fold,
We're a freedom-loving people
And our faith we mean to hold:
We're for friendship with the beaten foe,
For brothers we have been,
And what oppression is we know,
We boys who wear the Green—
In our very bones what 'tis we know
We boys who wear the Green!

We have felt it in our sireland,
With its whip our backs are scored,
Of the South we'll make no Ireland,
Scourged with famine and the sword!
'Tis true they tried the rebel game,
And punished they have been,
And I rather think we've tried the same
We boys who wear the Green—
We ourselves have done the very same,
We rebels of the Green,
And we hope again to do the same
We boys who wear the Green!

Oh, manhood's noblest duty
Is to fight for manhood's faith,
And true courage hath a beauty
That not even crime can scathe,
Into chaos they plunged headward, boys,
Their guilt we do not screen,
But our Emmet and Lord Edward, boys,
Did likewise for the Green—
Our Emmet and Lord Edward boys,
Did likewise for the Green.
Ay, Sheares and Tone and Edward, boys,
Did likewise for the Green!

And the day is not far distant
When our equal boast will be,
That our country's crown is glistened
By Grant, Farragut and Lee!
By Stonewall Jackson's front of flame,
By Sherman swift and keen,
And Sheridan whose deathless name
Proclaims he wore the Green—
By Meagher whose Brigade of fame
All wore the plumes of Green,
And Mulligan whose hero name
Is garlanded with Green!

Then Union be the countersign
And Friendship the parole,
Let the bugles ring along the line,
And the drums for battle roll!
And the cry shall swell from ev'ry mouth,
And on our flags be seen:
"We're for friendship with the rebel South,
We rebels of the Green—
With the boys who wore the Gray down South,
We boys who wear the Green!"

PHILO-CELTIC SOCIETY.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Philo-Celtic Society, held Sunday afternoon, the speech recently delivered by Prof. Thomas Hayes in Cork, Ireland, on the Irish language, was read.

The following announcement, which appeared in one of the daily papers of May 18, was brought before the notice of the society:

"The Gaelic Language.—All persons interested, or who would like to take an interest in the great revival of the Gaelic language now going on, especially wherever an Irishman or Scotchman may be found, are requested to send answers to the following: (1) Do you understand, speak, read or write Gaelic? (2) If not, are you desirous of acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic? (3) Do you know of any place in Chicago where Gaelic is taught? (4) If you can answer 'Yes' to question No. 1, will you assist in instructing others? (5) Have you any opinion in regard to Gaelic? Respectfully, GAEL IMIRICH."

The answers which the paper received to the above were kindly given to a member of the Gaelic class, and read to the society. It is hardly necessary to say that they were all in favor of reviving the language; one especially, from a medical gentleman of a grand old Scotch name, whose answer to No. 5 was that he "should like to see a revival of this language, and should like to see 'chairs' in the Gaelic established in some of our universities."

The order of exercises on Sunday consists in instructions in the language from 2 to 5 p.m., then a short meeting to devise means for the good of the movement.

A GALLANT KENTUCKY IRISHMAN.

The Louisville, Ky., newspapers are booming one of their local war heroes Capt. Michael Minton, for the position of senior vice commander in chief of Grand Army of the Republic at the national encampment, to be held in that city next September. Capt. Minton is by birth an Irishman, but was brought up in Louisville, where he arrived with his parents in childhood. Although many of his most intimate friends favored secession, he was immovably for the Union and on the breaking out of the war, entered the Federal Army. A Louisville paper, the *Times*, has the following to say of Capt. Minton's career and deserts:

"He first went out with Col. Anderson when Sherman came to Louisville, in 1861, but afterward, in 1862, joined the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry. For meritorious services and gallantry on the field, he was promoted from private to quartermaster sergeant. He was taken prisoner at Perryville, but was exchanged, and at the battle of Marbone, Ky., July 2, 1863, while gallantly resisting an attack of the enemy, he was shot and terribly wounded. He was taken from the field more dead than alive, and for four years thereafter was unable to walk without crutches, and still, though a man of apparently great vigor, feels the effects of these wounds. Eleven pieces of bone were taken from his body as a result of his injuries.

In placing a soldier like Capt. Minton to the front for the honorable position of senior vice commander his comrades in Louisville think they have made no mistake, and at the proper time will urge his selection by the committee in charge.

Capt. Minton is a lawyer by profession, and although not a "spell-binder" at the criminal bar, nor a profound expounder of constitutional law, is recognized by his associates as a man of rare good sense and fair ability. He was formerly a member of the police force, and for years served as first lieutenant, which is the rank of captain under the present system."

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

At a meeting of the Free Soil Club, held at the Sheares Club rooms, corner Eighth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, May 22, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, There has been a call for a convention of representative Irishmen in one of the large cities, in the near future, to take steps to advance the cause of Irish independence; and

WHEREAS, The call has met with a prompt and earnest reply from the true friends of Irish independence, from all sections of the country; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Free Soil Club hails with pleasure the proposed open movement to further the cause of Irish independence and awaits with impatience the result of the most important and opportune public demonstration on behalf of the cause of our motherland.

Resolved, That we endorse most heartily the proposed movement and pledge ourselves to stand by the action of the coming convention, and we further pledge both our moral and financial support to the noble effort for freedom.

—

At a regular meeting of the Allen, Larkin and O'Brien Club, which was held at 314 North Broad street on May 26, Michael O'Neill presiding, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, A convention of the Irishmen of the United States is about to be held to devise ways and means to unite the Irish race in a new movement having for its object the achievement of Ireland's independence, by means outside of parliamentary agitation; and

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Allen, Larkin and O'Brien Club, of Philadelphia, believe that Irish independence can be gained only by means other than parliamentary agitation; be it

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to stand by the decision of the convention, and support it to the best of our ability, both morally and financially.

The Fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, once fairly tried, becomes the family medicine, speaks volumes for its excellence and medicinal merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's co-worker.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

"The Gaelic Journal."

The May number of the Dublin *Gaelic Journal* has reached us. It is now published under the management of the Gaelic League, and as that organization has shown itself to be the most practical and successful ever formed for the support of the Irish language, the fact that it has assumed control of it is sufficient assurance that the *Journal* will, to the limit of its resources, be everything it ought to be. The editorship remains as before. Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent to the manager, Mr. John Hogan, 8 Leeson Park avenue, Dublin, Ireland. The yearly subscription is $1.50. The following extract from the announcement of the change of management shows the mission and purpose of the *Gaelic Journal*:

"The *Gaelic Journal* will be at once the organ of the Irish language movement, the willing medium of interchange of knowledge among the students of Irish, the record of much of our literature and traditional lore, and the clear and indubitable witness that our language is still a living tongue, a great instrument of thought, with a living literature, and with its powers of creating a living national literature still unimpaired. The existence of the *Gaelic Journal* will in this way be a protest and a testimony against the national crime, by whomsoever perpetrated, whether by design or neglect, of ignoring our national language and literature, and abandoning them to disuse and oblivion."

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Seanchus air Sheun-Leigheann na Gaedhilge.*

Ni beag de bháranta do'n leabhar so ainm a ghdair. Béidh sdil ag a lucht léighte le h-eolus cruinn ar léigheannteacht na Gaedhilge d'fhághail ann, agus ni gan fáth. Béidh sdil aca le h-ágbdarás, le greanntacht, le firinne agus le fior-fhóghluim d'fhághail ann, agus ni mealltar a n-dóchus as.

D'fhoilsigh Eoghan O'Comhraidhe cheanna an uaisleacht agus an t-oirdhearcas atá i gconleabhraibh stáraidheachta na h-Eireann. Tá an Francach fóghlumtha, H. D'Arbois de Jubainville dhá fhoilsiughadh ó am go h-am oreud is ciall d'ár seanseulaidheacht. Acht is do luchd an tirdléighinn tugadh an fhóghluim sin. Gheabhaidh an sluagh fóghluim ó'n gCraoibhin Aoibhinn, agus ni ar stáraidheacht ná ar seculaidheacht ná ar fhilidheacht amháin, acht ar iomlán na sean-litridheachta Gaedhealaighe.

Béidh meas ag an Sagsanach fessda ar léigheann na Gaedhilge, agus má bhéidh, b'fhéidirle Dia go mbéidh de mheisneach ag muintir na h-Eireann a ráth nach bhfuil náire orra i dtaobh na teangadh féin. Farior, tá mór-chuid acu, a n-urmhór b'fhéidir, nach léigeann a meisneach dóibh giog do labhairt, no go mbéidh a fhios aca ar dtús cad é meas an t-Sagsanaigh. Seo mar bhithear aca:

An Sagsanach—"Is aistench liom an teanga úd agaibhse."

An tEireannach—"Is fusth liom féin í."

S—"Measann tú, an fiú dhaoibh bheith ag fheuchain le n-a coiméad beo?"

E—"B'fheárr liom-sa agriosta as an stoghal feasda í."

S—"Ni féidir go bhfuil mórán leabhar no a leithéid sin agriobhtha i nGaedhilig?"

E—"Ni raibh leabhar ná léigheann riamh innti."

Ni'l aon leithgeul ag na daoiubh bochta so ó so amach acht a mi-mheisneach agus a meatacht féin.

Tá focal nó dhó 'san leabhar so nach maith linn, go mor-mhór má léightear ar leith leo féin iad, agus ni thiocfamaois tharsta, muna mbéidheadh gur clódhbhuaillesdh ar leith iad i bpáipeurabh éigin i n-Ath Cliath, agus ni fulair gur mealladh daoine a léigheadh. Má deir an t-ughdar go bhfuil an Ghaedhilg marbh agus a shamhail sin, ni'l ann acht nós labhartha. Má deir sé nach teanga náisiúnta i an Gaedhilg, clalluigheann sin gur thréig urmhór na h-Eireann i. Acht tá dream ann chuirfeas fáilte roimh na foclaibh sin, ag deunamh leithgéil díobh dóibh féin.

I n-a dhiaidh sin, ni dóigh linn gur clódhbhuaileadh riamh leabhar ba mhó tairbhe do chúis na Gaedhilge ná fós leabhar is mó mbeadaigh clú agus a nm Gaodhal le Gallaibh no le lucht an t-Sacsbhuaile idir Gaodhlaibh agus Gallaibh iona an leabhrán fior-ghreannta so. Ni theasduigheann ó chúis na Gaodhilge agus na n-Gaodhal acht an fhirinne fomlán d'foilsighthe do'n domhan, mar tá cuid di foilsighthe go dian-mhaith 'san leabhar so ag an g-Craoibhin Aoibhin.

*The story of Early Gaelic Literature: by Douglas Hyde, L.L.D., M.R.I.A.—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

THE DAY I WEDDED MARY.

BY VERE V. HUNT.

The harebell sweet kissed the mists away,
And the violets welcomed the dawn of day,
And rose the perfume of the new-mown hay
The day I wedded Mary.

The cowslip whispered "Its done; its done!"
The daisy answered "She's won; she's won!"
The buttercup laughed to the smiling sun
The day I wedded Mary.

The blackbird chaunted his mellow song,
The thrush loud warbled the woods among,
The world seemed free from all care and wrong
The day I wedded Mary.

The clouds lowered low and the moaning wind
Sighed like a soul that would heaven find,
But is hopeless, helpless, lame and blind
The day I buried Mary.

The rain fell fast from the murky sky,
Like the tears of the dead that in days gone by
Amid long drawn tortures lay down to die,
The day I buried Mary.

The flowers were closed and the songbirds still,
And the weight on my soul will remain until
I rest where I laid her on yonder hill
The day I buried Mary.

CHICAGO, May 22, 1895.

DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.

One of the finest dairy farms in McHenry county, Illinois. Two hours from Chicago. Five minutes from station on Northwestern Railway. Near church and school. Three hundred acres, with sixty cows, fifty hogs, etc. Shipping milk to Chicago. Will give long time on part of price, or will trade for good Chicago real estate. Address "A," THE CITIZEN office.

California Irishmen.

At the regular meeting of the Knights of St. Patrick of San Francisco, Cal., on Tuesday evening week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Jeremiah Deasy, vice president, Frank T. Shea; second vice president, Anthony Quill; recording secretary, Thomas J. Stanton; financial secretary, Patrick Holland; corresponding secretary, Edward Walsh; treasurer, T. P. Riordan; sergeant-at-arms, Martin Fennell; board of directors, William Broderick, chairman; William Cronin, Ed. E. Hill, John Mulhern, and Daniel O'Sullivan. On Tuesday evening the 28th inst. the grand installation of officers took place. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the annual outing of the members of the society and their friends. Col. J. C. O'Connor was initiated as a member at the last regular meeting.

THE LATE WILLIAM NANGLE.

[To the Editor.]

Irishmen of thought attending the funeral of the late unfortunate William Nangle the other day must have felt much humiliated upon realizing that the man was simply slaughtered. He was forced to work for the miserable pittance of $1.25 a day, and when the chances of escaping with his life were as 90 to 1. But who was this William Nangle? Neither more or less than a thorough Irish patriot, who had risked life and limb to further the cause of liberty in Ireland with the result that he landed in a British bastile, sentenced to imprisonment for his life. After twelve or thirteen years of torture, he was eventually released, but, classed as a convict, found the greatest difficulty in receiving permission to land in New York.

It was a sadly humiliating spectacle to see his venerable mother, at the cemetery, almost frantic in her grief and then remember the cold neglect her son had received from his countrymen. At least a friendly hand might have been given and a position secured him where he could support himself and that mother who had suffered so much for him and in the cause of Ireland during the long weary years when he was torn from her gaze. To her heart, although she had other good sons, he was the dearest, for does not a mother always cling to the child who is most unfortunate?

Common decency should direct the attention of Irishmen to brave men of Nangle's stamp, when thrown weak and helpless among them, but I am ashamed to say the history of such during the last thirty years has been about similar. I have seen men sneer at the name of O'Donovan Rossa who were unworthy to tie his shoes. Then brave Byrne, who sacrificed position and money by rescuing Stephens, refused any compensation and was afterwards forced to enlist in the American army, being unable to secure a living in any other way in this country. These are remarkable instances, but should it not suffice that it is a disgrace that poor Nangle should be forced to meet such a miserable end through the coldness, selfishness and neglect of his countrymen here? A political ward heeler could gain recognition a thousand times before a pure unselfish patriot such as Nangle.

Surely it will not be permitted to occur again and I venture to say it could not happen among any other nationality in Chicago (not excepting the Chinese).

You will please pardon me for trespassing so much on your space, but the awful tragedy of poor Nangle's fate has stirred me to the depths. FAIR PLAY.

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast running over a peerless track, amid the grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

As for the promise of "Comfort in Travel" by this road, as well as the speed and safety realized, the many thousands who pass over it will surely testify that it is kept to the letter.—*The Standard*, Chicago.

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

Deeds Not Words.

Have you a son or a daughter living in Chicago in need of friends? Write us the name, and where they can be found, and where they attend church, and your letter will be handed to the Christian Endeavorers or Epworth Leagues or to the proper society to look up and help.

Have you a happy, healthy Christian home and a place in your heart for a homeless boy of any age, or for a homeless woman with children) to do housework? Do you know of any girl of two years or older that has no home? If so we have good homes awaiting her.

Write particulars. Address, School of Work, 14 State street, Chicago.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

ERIN'S APPEAL.

BY J. T. GALLAGHER.

O men of the Irish race!
And friends that are tried and true!
Erin turns her tear-stained face,
Again in appeal to you.
She stands on the brow of day—
Behind is the horrid night,
Before, the uncertain way,
Half dim in the dawning light.

"O give me your aid!" she cries.
"The might of your tongue and brain;
Dark woe on my people lies.
And 'round them a rusty chain!
One step and we greet the day;
The chain from each limb unbind—
O give me your aid I pray!
The strength of each tongue and mind."

O men of the Celtic race,
And friends of a deathless right!
And thou, with majestic pace,
That leadest the march of light!
O haters of wrong and crime,
And lovers of liberty!
True and brave of every clime
What—what—will your answer be?

Oh! will it be weak and cold,
Or thrilling with strength and cheer,
Giving back the hope of old
To that land long chained in fear?
Speak! speak! or never again
Dare claim that your souls are free!
That isle in the 'circling main
Has your love and sympathy.

OBSEQUIES OF MRS. FORD.

(Irish World, May 25.)

Beyond the brief paragraph that told of the passage from this life of Mrs. Patrick Ford, which appeared in the *Irish World* of last week, it was not our intention to write or to print another word on the sad event. The deceased had never moved beyond the sphere of her domestic duties, and from anything like publicity her gentle nature would instinctively shrink. Contemplating her end, all that she ever asked of us was to pray for her and to cause the holy sacrifice to be offered for the repose of her soul.

Respecting, therefore, her distaste for anything like display or ostentation, her obesquies were to have been confined to the privacy of her own household and of her immediate friends. Outside of this circle, invitations were sent to no one. Nor was the priest who sang her requiem requested to say a word about her, but, remembering that he had been her father confessor, and knowing the pure and Christian life she had led, of his own volition he made the reflections given below, not so much to honor her, but as he himself declared, for the spiritual benefit of others.

On all mere worldly honor, and particularly on such an occasion, the serious man will set but a small value. At the portal of death God alone, the Almighty Creator, who called all things from nothing, holds court. The universe is hushed in silence. In that supreme moment and before the Awful Presence, mere form and ceremony, all the compliments borrowed from the code of an artificial etiquette, seems but a mockery.

Outside of the faith and the hope given to us by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, there is no solace for our poor humanity. Outside of these—

Life is but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

But with our feet firmly set on the rock of this faith, and our hearts full of this consoling hope, we are given strength to bear the parting of our loved ones; knowing that, though they have passed beyond our sight, they live and move in a new sphere of existence, and that one day, if deemed worthy, they and we shall meet in a blessed reunion in a world where God shall wipe the tear from every eye, and where sin and death shall be unknown.

The letters of condolence which we have received, coming almost all from good Catholics, are freighted with the prayerful spirit of this divine consolation. It is for this and for this alone, that we give them a place in the *Irish World.*

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

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Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
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FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XIX.

And the morrow has come. Down in a deep and bluff shadowed valley, hung all around with picturesque crags and pine crested heights, under a cloudless September sun, whose warmth is tempered by the mountain breeze, a thousand rough looking, bronzed and bearded and powder blackened men are resting after battle.

Here and there on distant ridge and point the cavalry videttes keep vigilant watch against surprise or renewed attack. Down along the banks of a clear, purling stream a sentry paces slowly by the brown line of rifles, swivel stacked in the sunshine. Men by the dozen are washing their blistered feet and grimy hands and faces in the cool, refreshing water; men by the dozen lie soundly sleeping, some in the broad glare, some in the shade of the little clump of willows, all heedless of the pestering swarms of flies. Out on the broad, grassy slopes, side lined and watched by keen eyed guards, the herds of cavalry horses are quietly grazing, forgetful of the wild excitement of yesterdeven. Every now and then some one of them lifts his head, pricks up his ears and snorts and stamps suspiciously as he sniffs at the puffs of smoke that come drifting up the valley from the fires a mile away. The waking men, too, bestow an occasional comment on the odor which greets their nostrils. Down stream, where the fires are burning, are the blackened remnants of a wagon train. Tires, bolts and axles are lying about, but all woodwork is in smoldering ashes; so, too, is all that remains of several hundredweight of stores and supplies destined originally to nourish the Indians, but, by them, diverted to feed the fire.

There is a big circle of seething flame and rolling smoke here, too—a malodorous neighborhood, around which fatigue parties are working with averted heads, and among them some surly and unwilling Indians, driven to labor at the muzzle of threatening revolver or carbine, aid in dragging to the flames carcass after carcass of horse and mule, and in gathering together and throwing on the pyre an array of miscellaneous soldier garments, blouses, shirts and trousers, all more or less hacked and blood stained, all of no more use to mortal wearer.

Out on the southern slopes, just where a ravine crowded with wild rose bushes opens into the valley, more than half the command is gathered, formed in rectangular lines about a number of shallow, elongated pits, in each of which there lies the stiffening form of a comrade who but yesterday joined in the battle cheer that burst upon the valley with the setting sun. Silent and reverent they stand in their rough campaign garb. The escort of infantry "reste on arms;" the others bow their uncovered heads, and it is the voice of the veteran colonel that, in accents trembling with sympathy and emotion, renders the last tribute to fallen comrades and lifts to heaven the prayers for the dead. Then see! The mourning groups break away from the southern side, the brown rifles of the escort are lifted in air, the listening rocks resound to the sudden ring of the flashing volley, the soft, low, wailing goodby of the trumpets goes floating up the vale, and soon the burial parties are left alone to cover the once familiar faces with the earth to which the soldier must return, and the comrades who are left, foot and dragoon, come marching, silent, back to camp.

And when the old regiment begins its homeward journey, leaving the well won field to the fast arriving commands and bidding hearty soldier farewell to the cavalry comrades whose friendship they gained in the front of a savage foe, the company that was the first to land its fire in the fight goes back with diminished numbers and under command of its second lieutenant. Alas, poor Jerrold!

There was a solemn little group around the campfire the night before they go. Frank Armitage, flat on his back, with a rifle bullet through his thigh, but taking things very coolly for all that, is having a quiet conference with his colonel. Such of the wounded of the entire command as are well enough to travel by easy stages to the railway go with Maynard and the regiment in the morning, and Sergeant McLeod, with his saber arm in a sling, is one of these. But the captain of Company B must wait until the surgeons can lift him along in an ambulance and all fear of fever has subsided. To the colonel and Chester he hands the note which is all that is left to comfort poor Nina Beaubien. To them he reads aloud the note addressed to himself:

"You are right in saying that the matter of my possession of that photograph should be explained. I seek no longer to palliate my action. In making that puppish bet with Sloat I did believe that I could induce Miss Renwick or her mother to let me have a copy, but I was refused so positively that I knew it was useless. This simply added to my desire to have one. The photographer was the same that took the pictures and furnished the albums for our class at graduation, and I, more than any one, had been instrumental in getting the order for him against very active opposition. He had always professed the greatest gratitude to me and a willingness to do anything for me. I wrote him in strict confidence, told him of the intimate and close relations existing between the colonel's family and me, told him I wanted it to enlarge and present to her mother on her approaching birthday and promised him that I would never reveal how I came by the picture so long as I lived, and he sent me one—just in time. Have I not paid heavily for my sin?"

No one spoke for a moment. Chester was the first to break the silence:

"Poor fellow! He kept his word to the photographer, but what was it worth to a woman?"

There had been a week of wild anxiety and excitement at Sibley. It was known through the columns of the press that the regiment had hurried forward from the railway the instant it reached the Colorado trail; that it could not hope to get through to the valley of the Spirit Wolf without a fight, and that the moment it succeeded in joining hands with the cavalry already there a vigorous attack would be made on the Indians. The news of the rescue of the survivors of Thornton's command came first, and with it the tidings that Maynard and his regiment were met only 30 miles from the scene and were pushing forward. The next news came two days later, and a wail went up even while men were shaking hands and rejoicing over the gallant fight that had been made, and women were weeping for joy and thanking God that those whom they held dearest were safe. It was down among the wives of the sergeants and other veterans that the blow struck hardest at Sibley, for the stricken officers were unmarried men, while among the rank and file there were several who never came back to the little ones who bore their name. Company B had suffered most, for the Indians had charged fiercely on its deployed but steadfast line. Armitage almost choked and broke down when telling the colonel about it that night as he lay under the willows. "It was the first smile I had seen on his face since I got back—that with which he looked up in my eyes and whispered goodby—and died, just after we drove

He whispered goodby and died.

them back. My turn came later." Old Sloat, too, "had his customary crack," as he expressed it—a shot through the wrist that made him hop and swear savagely until some of the men got to laughing at the comical figure he cut, and then he turned and damned them with hearty good will and seemed all oblivious of the bullets that went zipping past his frosting head. Young Rollins, to his inexpressible pride and comfort, had a bullet hole through his scouting hat and another through his shoulder strap that raised a big welt on the white skin beneath, but, to the detriment of promotion, no captain was killed, and Jerrold gave the only file.

The one question at Sibley was, What will Nina Beaubien do?

She did nothing. She would see nobody from the instant the news came. She had hardly slept at night, was always awake at dawn and out at the gate to get the earliest copy of the morning papers, but the news reached them at nightfall, and when some of the ladies from the fort drove in to offer their sympathy and condolence in the morning and to make tender inquiry the answer at the door was that Miss Nina saw nobody, that her mother alone was with her, and that "she was very still." And so it went for some days. Then there came the return of the command to Sibley, and hundreds of people went up from town to see the six companies of the fort garrison march up the winding road amid the thunder of welcome from the guns of the light battery and the exultant strains of the band. Mrs. Maynard and Alice were the only ladies of the circle who were not there. A son and brother had joined them after long absence, at Aunt Grace's cottage at Sablon, was the explanation, and the colonel would bring them home in a few days, after he had attended to some important matters at the fort. In the first place, Chester had to see to it that the tongue of scandal was slit, so far as the colonel's household was concerned, and all good people notified that no such thing had happened as was popularly supposed—and "everybody" received the announcement with the remark that she knew all along it couldn't be so—and that a grievous and absurd but most mortifying blunder had been made. It was a most unpleasant ghost to down, the shadow of that scandal, for it would come up to the surface of garrison chat at all manner of confidential moments, but no man or woman could safely speak of it to Chester. It was gradually assumed that he was the man who had done all the blundering and that he was supersensitive on the subject.

There was another thing never satisfactorily explained to some of the garrison people, and that was Nina Beaubien's strange conduct. In less than a week she was seen on the street in colors — brilliant colors — when it was known she had ordered deep mourning, and then she suddenly disappeared and went with her silent old mother abroad. To this day no woman in society understands it, for when she came back, long, long afterward, it was a subject on which she would never speak. There were one or two who ventured to ask, and the answer was, "For reasons that concern me alone." But it took no great power of mental vision to see that her heart wore black for him forever.

His letter explained it all. She had received it with a paroxysm of passionate grief and joy, kissed it, covered it with wildest caresses before she began to read, and then, little by little, as the words unfolded before her staring eyes, turned cold as stone:

"It is my last night of life, Nina, and I am glad 'tis so. Proud and sensitive as I am, the knowledge that every man in my regiment has turned from me; that I have not a friend among them; that there is no longer a place for me in their midst—more than all, that I deserve their contempt—has broken my heart. We will be in battle before the setting of another sun. Any man who seeks death in Indian fight can find it easily enough, and I can compel their respect in spite of themselves. They will not recognize me, living, as one of them, but dying on the field they have to place me on their roll of honor.

"But now I turn to you. What have I been, what am I, to have won such love as yours? May God in heaven forgive me for my past! All too late I hate and despise the man I have been—the man whom you loved. One last act of justice remains. If I died without it, you would mourn me faithfully, tenderly, lovingly, for years, but if I tell the truth you will see the utter unworthiness of the man, and your love will turn to contempt. It is hard to do this, knowing that in doing it I kill the only genuine regret and dry the only tear that would bless my memory, but it is the one sacrifice I can make to complete my self humiliation, and it is the one thing that is left me that will free you. It will sting at first; but, like the surgeon's knife, its cut is mercy. Nina, the very night I came to you on the bluffs, the very night you perilled your honor to have that parting interview, I went to you with a lie on my lips. I had told her we were nothing to each other, you and I. More than that, I was seeking her love. I hoped I could win her, and had she loved me I would have turned from you to make her my wife. Nina, I loved Alice Renwick. Goodby. Don't mourn for me after this."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mark Twain on Shipboard.

Mark Twain looks upon a journey across the ocean much as another man might look upon crossing the East river on a ferryboat. The humorist enjoys the ocean and the life of idleness which is enforces on one. He does not know what it is to be sick, and after his own fashion he has a good time. This "fashion" is more pleasing to himself than to any one who happens to share his stateroom, as did a friend of mine recently. This friend told me that he never crossed the ocean with a man who stuck closer to his stateroom.

When the genial Mark awakens, usually about 7 o'clock, he reaches out for his pipe and book and begins to smoke and read. He keeps this up until about 11 in the morning, when he calls for his morning coffee, which he takes while in his berth. Then he smokes and reads again until about 1, when he begins to write. At 5 he stops long enough to dress, take a turn around the deck, and goes to the saloon for his dinner. This is the only time of the day when the passengers see him. After dinner he takes a stroll on the deck, goes back to his stateroom, undresses and begins to read and smoke once more, which he keeps up steadily until far into the night.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Long Road.

Farmers down in Dixie, like those in New England, have a very grim, but none the less indisputable, sense of humor on occasion, if this anecdote from Georgia is to be credited:

A farmer returning from town with an empty produce wagon overtook a young man plodding along with the discouraged air of a city man unused to dirt roads.

"Hullo, Jersey," cried the stranger briskly. "Can a man get a lift to Vineland?"

"I don't see why he can't," responded the farmer in a noncommittal way.

"Then I'll take a ride," said the stranger, vaulting into the wagon and making himself comfortable.

After three or four miles had been traversed, the stranger paused in his inconsequential talk long enough to observe:

"It's quite a distance to Vineland."

"Yes, it is a distance," admitted the farmer.

Another mile was passed, and then the stranger inquired:

"About how far is it to Vineland?"

"Well," replied the farmer meditatively, "keepin straight ahead the way we're goin now, it's about 25,000 miles, but if you'll get out and hoof it back, it ain't more'n about six or seven."

The stranger got out and "hoofed" it back.—Providence Journal.

Singular Discovery.

An English author says that a man of middle age with whom he is acquainted found one of his eyes affected, as he thought, by reading small print at night and applied to a famous oculist for advice. The doctor examined him very carefully and presently inquired whether he had ever suffered any inconvenience from the other eye, the right one.

"None whatever," was the reply.

"Still," said the oculist dryly, "it is very important for you to preserve the sight of your left eye, inasmuch as you have never seen with the other since you were born!"—Youth's Companion.

WONDERFUL GOLD LEAF.

How It Is Manufactured and Some of Its Peculiarities.

The process by which gold is made into thin leaves is called gold beating. As yet the use of machinery for this purpose is very limited, nearly all gold leaf being beaten by hand.

First the gold is cast into oblong ingots about three-fourths of an inch in width and weighing two ounces each. These ingots are passed between polished steel rollers and flattened out into ribbons of about an eight-hundredth of an inch in thickness. The ribbons are softened by heat and cut into pieces an inch square.

One hundred and fifty of these pieces are placed between vellum leaves, one piece above another, and the entire pile is inclosed in a double parchment case and beaten with a 16 pound hammer until the inch pieces are extended to 4 inch squares. They are then taken from the case, and each square is cut into four pieces. The pieces thus obtained are then placed between gold beater's skin—a delicate membrane prepared from the large intestine of the ox—made into piles, inclosed in a parchment case and again beaten, but with a hammer of lighter weight.

Still the leaves are not thin enough, and once more each leaf is cut into four pieces and again beaten. This last quartering and beating produces 2,400 leaves, and the thickness of each leaf is about one two-hundred-thousandths of an inch. Gold is so malleable that it is possible to obtain a still greater degree of thinness, but not profitably.

These thin leaves are taken up with wood pinchers, placed on a cushion, blown out flat and carefully cut into squares 3¼ inches in size. The squares are placed between the leaves of paper books, which have previously been rubbed with red chalk to prevent adhesions of the gold, each paper book containing 25 squares or leaves of gold, and in this form the leaf is sold, not by weight, but by a superficial measure.—Philadelphia Times.

WHY DOGS BARK.

A Writer Affords an Explanation as Given to Him by an Indian.

In writing of the native dogs of Central America, Frederick Boyle brings forward a theory as to how dogs form the habit of barking. He was discussing with an old resident of the country some traits of the coyote, as the native wolf is called, but which more nearly resembles the dog.

Dogs will never go wild so long as they can find a master to serve, and more especially trained dogs. The coyote never barks, and only gallops when pursued.

"Why don't these coyotes bark like other dogs?" I asked an old Indian, pointing to one I was trying to reclaim. "And why do they only howl and the pups grunt?"

His answer was, "He won't learn."

"Not learn?" said I. "What do you mean?"

"No," he replied, "not learn, for if he were of an honest breed he would bark, to try to imitate his master, or, at all events, the other dogs, but all barking proceeds from dogs imitating their master's shout. The master shouts to drive in cattle to the corral, and the dog barks also. In fact, the dog imitates his master when he barks; he tries to speak, but cannot."

I give this curious observation as the only attempt I ever heard to account for the barking of our tame dogs. No wild breeds make any noise except howling and snarling, nor, under the best circumstances, will they learn to bark until the third or fourth generation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Glass Houses.

There were whole streets in Tyre entirely occupied by glass works, and it is stated that the first glass houses were erected in Tyre. The glass houses of Alexandria were highly celebrated for the ingenuity and skill of their workmen and the extent of their manufactures.

Layard, in writing about his discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, says: "In one chamber were found two entire glass bowls, with fragments of others. These bowls are probably of the same period as the small bottle found in the ruins of the northwest palace during the previous excavations, and now in the British museum. On this highly interesting relic is the name of Sargon, with his title of king of Assyria, in cuneiform characters, and the figure of a lion. We are, therefore, able to fix its date to the latter part of the seventh century B. C. It is consequently the most ancient known specimen of transparent glass."—Boston Herald.

A Bit of Black.

Nothing is complete without its bit of black. It is a bit of cunning the French have taught us and is most valuable, for it immediately adds the touch we have strived for. No matter what the color or material if not pointelle or striped with black, a bunchy black chou, bands of ribbon or pipings of satin are used. There are no end of means of decoration, and all most effective too. So universal has this fashion become that neither frock nor bounet escapes it.—Boston Traveller.

Heavy Sermon.

Mason—Why does Jason prefer taking a walk on Fifth avenue on Sunday morning to going to church?

Payson—He says he likes to read sermons in stones rather than to listen to sermons from sticks.—New York Herald.

Alcohol was first distinguished as an elementary substance by Albucasis, in the twelfth century.

The strait of Juan de Fuca was named after an old Greek sailor who explored its shores in 1592.

Hundreds of patents have been issued to inventors of water gas.

A SINFUL WASTE.

Good Food Allowed to Decay a Feature of American Households.

There are few households in the land but have a periodical recrudescence of economy in the matter of food supply. A big grocer's or butcher's bill immediately suggests that there should be some economy practiced "somewhere."

The present activity in the field of dietetics should spread valuable knowledge into every kitchen. It is already showing benefits in the matter of nutritious food versus medicine.

Housewives do not always realize that they have a prominent part to play in this grave question of the day, the "disposal of garbage." That responsibility lies within the domestic threshold, and to consign the collection of waste to the scavenger is not the limit of her power nor a self satisfying conclusion. What she consigns does not concern her, and this "bete noir" found in every part of the land, a subject fraught with almost insurmountable difficulties to those whose business it is to find a healthful and quick disposal of garbage, is far more the business of the housekeeper than she is willing to acknowledge. We must go back of the garbage can to find the cause. American extravagance is proverbial the world over. We provide with a lavish hand. Unskilled and indifferent help waste accordingly. Expenditure for food in a large percentage of the middle and lower classes is estimated to take very often fully three-fourths of the income. Actual consumption and benefit derived from quantity supplied is notably small in the wealthier families.

Convincing proof is found in the overflowing garbage can. Lack of robustness among a certain class and the amount of debility afflicting a majority of people prove to investigators a want of proper nutriment to build up the overwrought body, which must endure somehow the strain and stress of American life and climate.

The unintelligent methods of poor servants, unskilled in handling food, is one cause of the effect. It is considered their prerogative to waste what does not suit their fancy. "Leavings" which may be the best portions from the mistresses' table are not palatable to their taste, and so good material is speedily hidden from sight, more is called for, and a haphazard supply to keep Bridget good natured furnishes her with an abundance to overflow ash cans, clog pipes, choke traps, fill cesspools, draw vermin and offer culture as a medium for the ubiquitous microbe. Noxious odors offend nostrils and dangerous effluvia jeopardize health and obstruct sanitary measures.

It is just this waste in the world that has been the cause of plagues, pestilences and diseases. It is wasted time, strength, money, happiness and, too often, life.—Baltimore American.

The Novel of Religion.

I heard long ago of an enterprising tradesman who desired to have the Old Testament at least broken into a series of romances. By others, very likely much less pious men, no version of these narratives can be tolerated except the ancient original versions. Yet many readers or hearers are so familiar with these, or think themselves so familiar (they would probably break down under examination), that something more "spicy" is required by them. I have read an American novel about the love affairs of Judas Iscariot and Mary Magdalene. It did not interest me, I own, but it did make me laugh. Probably a more pious student would have been edified. There is no accounting for tastes. Perhaps no Biblical novel has ever won critical applause or been reckoned a piece of literature. But such novels hit a large class of readers whose tastes in other matters is not always bad.

It would be interesting to know what the wits and critics of the restoration thought and said about "The Pilgrim's Progress." Probably they never looked into the cheap little book at all, the book which has outlived Etherege and Sedley and Rochester and the rest of them. Of course it does not by any means follow that every religious novel read by the people who do read such things and neglected by critics is on a level with Bunyan's masterpiece.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

What Is an Edition?

What is an edition? Does it consist of 1,000 volumes or of 500 or 50 or 5? The word is not a technical term like "gross" or "dozen" or any like expression bearing a fixed numerical significance, and there is, of course, no reason why it should not mean anything from the lowest to the highest of these numbers, according to the taste and fancy, or it may be the tactics, of the particular publisher who employs it. Only now that that enterprising person shows himself so anxious to keep the public regularly informed as to the sales of the works issuing from his house it might be as well to come to some understanding on this point. We know what is meant when we read that Miss Ahenea Daring's new novel is "in its twentieth thousand," whereas the statement that it is "in its forty-fifth edition," conveys to us simply no information at all.—London Graphic.

Bracelets Once More.

A great hope is being cherished that women are inclining to bracelets once more. This seems not improbable. The decree has gone forth that sleeves are to be scarcely below the elbow. This being true there is a considerable expanse left for ornament, for the gloves cannot be always worn. In any case bracelets are cheaper than gloves, and women, though on pleasure bent, still have frugal minds.—Jewelers' Circular.

Mozart.

Mozart was very small, being only a little over 5 feet in height. His face was thin, and the size of his nose was apparently exaggerated by the attenuation of his features. He wore his hair long and done up in a cue, according to the custom of his day. His mouth was small and his face clean shaven.

A STOLEN SECRET.

How Minister Jewell Learned to Make Russia Leather.

Jewell, like all men brought up to learn a trade, and who afterward gained prominence in affairs, made now and then unconscious revelations of his early training. During one of the campaigns in which he was engaged he found himself at a country hotel where the table was bounteous, but the rooms few and small. It was necessary in order that the whole party might be housed for each bed to be occupied by two persons. The governor's roommate was a young politician, who could not hide his surprise when the governor just before retiring rolled the sleeves of his night shirt even as far up as his shoulders, and then bathed his arms in cold water.

"You wonder why I do this," said the governor. "Well, I couldn't sleep unless I did. When I was a youngster learning the tanners' trade, I used to have my arms in the vats all day long, and at night my skin would smart as though I had been stung by nettles. I could not bear to have any cloth touch them. So I got the habit of rolling my shirt sleeves as far as I could, and thus I have slept ever since."

When Jewell was minister to Russia, he played a Yankee trick upon the Russians, the benefits of which we are reaping even to this day in this country. Like every other American tanner, he had long wanted to know the secret of the process of manufacturing Russian leather. He had experimented with a few dollars himself, only to learn that the secret was not to be discovered.

When at the court of St. Petersburg, he professed great interest in Russian industries and was shown through many of the manufactories there. By and by there came an opportunity to go through a factory where Russia leather was manufactured. Jewell was all smiles and courtesies and seemed profoundly interested in those things which really did not interest him and wholly blind to the very things he went to that place to see. But he was not so blind as they thought. When he came out of that factory, he had discovered, as he believed, the process, and he brought the discovery back to this country with him, so that by and by the United States began to turn out a very good article of leather resembling the Russian product.—Philadelphia Press.

A HISTORICAL MYTH.

The Story of General Jackson's Cotton Bale Breastworks a Pleasing Fiction.

There are few of the schoolboys of several generations preceding the present who do not remember being taught that General Jackson won the battle of New Orleans by throwing up a breastwork of cotton bales and meeting the British assault behind them.

A dramatic account of this was in all the school histories and several others, and the novelty of the affair appealed vividly to the imagination. The cold facts of later history prove this all to have been fiction. Henry Adams, in his history of Madison's administration, describes the battle of New Orleans and mentions no such feature. McMaster, in his latest volume, refers to the story in a note only to say that there were two or three cotton bales used in one place, and they were either set on fire or knocked out at once.

Jackson's line of breastworks was of earth irregularly thrown up and of varying height along its length. The trained sharpshooters of the west did great work as marksmen behind it and so galled the heavily laden British troops that they had no alternative but to be shot or retreat before the American line.

The schoolbook story used to be that the Americans lost six killed and seven wounded. McMaster places the figures of killed and wounded at 70. The British, it seems, were not all repulsed according to the popular story. The right line of the American troops was driven in, and the British left advanced a mile in the rear of Jackson on the way to New Orleans.

He was really flanked by this success, but the terrific slaughter he inflicted upon the British in the center, involving the death of the first and second generals in command, completely dispirited them and induced the return of that wing of their army that was on the way to the city.—Boston Herald.

Lincoln and the Highwayman.

The following is a story of Abraham Lincoln which, if it is not true—as it probably is not—is at least entitled to a place in legendary literature: Lincoln was once riding along a lonely road when an ill looking man, who held a cocked revolver, suddenly faced him.

"What do you want, my friend?" Lincoln asked.

"I am going to shoot you," answered the man.

"Well," said Lincoln, "I don't mind being killed, but I should like to know your reasons."

"I once vowed," said the man, "that if I ever met a man homelier than I am I would shoot him."

Lincoln looked critically at his assailant for a minute, and then said:

"Well, if I am any homelier than you are, then for pity's sake shoot!"

Making Steady Progress.

"Yes, sir," said the long haired boarder, "I am fully satisfied in my own mind that woman should be vested with all the privileges of man."

"I don't see why she shouldn't be vested," chipped in the cheerful idiot. "She has been coated the same as man, and if this bicycle business keeps on she will be trous"—

The dinner bell rang, and in the mad rush ensuing the rest of the cheerful idiot's speech hit the empty air.—Indianapolis Journal.

To Keep Sunday Whole.

Effie—Please, Uncle Arthur, do come and play chess with me.

Uncle Arthur—Oh, Effie! Don't you remember? It's Sunday.

Effie—Well, we can let the bishop win!—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

Her father was a merchant bold
Who o'er the wild Biscayan water
Still brought back the good red gold
To richly dower his only daughter.
Radiant she as rose on tree;
But, though full many a gallant sought her,
No, no, no! on all their woe
Frowned back the merchant's daughter.

Until, effulgent from the fight
That shook the shores from France to Flanders,
Shone upon her patriot sight
The kingliest of our sea commanders,
Looked her through, and from her view
Vanished smiling, on the morrow.
Ah! but she her laughing foe
Forsook for sighing sorrow.

"Fair blows the wind; the skies are blue.
Will sail with me, my winsome daughter!"
"That will I! Dear friends, adieu!"
And o'er the wave her sire has caught her.
Southward far, by sun and star,
His good ship fleets the ocean over,
When, alack! across her track
There strikes a Salee rover.

But as the pirate pressed them sore,
And deck and hold ran red with slaughter,
Sudden round the headland hoar
A noble warship sweeps the water.
Heavens above! 'tis her true love
That hath this great deliv'rance wrought her.
Grief, farewell! wake, marriage bell,
For our blest merchant's daughter!
—Alfred Percival Grates in Athenæum.

AN ELEPHANT'S TENDER CARE.

Where Left to Watch Children He Will Faithfully Protect Them.

The whole family of the mahout become, as it were, parasites to the elephant, by whom they earn their living. I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care and within reach of its trunk, while the mother went to fetch water or to get wood or material to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant, but most people who have lived a life in the jungle know how very possible it is for a jackal or wolf to carry off a baby when lying in a hut when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become familiar with him and take all kinds of liberties with him, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt him, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black child about 2 feet high standing on the elephant's bare back and taking it down to the water to bathe, shouting all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language.

On arriving at the water the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the child's command, lies down and enjoys himself, just leaving a part of his body, like a small island, above the water, on which the small child stands and yells and yells all the more if he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the child slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. The little urchins as they grow up become first mates to mahouts and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts themselves.—Omaha World-Herald.

An Electro-Magnetic Cannon.

This recent invention is dependent for its action upon the principle of the force of attraction and repulsion as caused by magnetism. A brass tube, 5 feet long, 2¼ inches in diameter and 1 inch bore, was wrapped with insulated wire along its entire length, the current flowing through different sections of the windings in such a manner as to cause the bullets to become temporary magnets, which were attracted by the magnetic lines of force ahead of them and repelled by those behind them, thus giving the projectiles an increasing impetus as they pass along the gun. The bullets are thrown forward in much the same manner as the armature of an electric motor is turned on its axis. The cannon is light, inexpensive, and its capacity for throwing projectiles depends on the rapidity of loading the same. It is estimated that a five foot gun, requiring 500 volts and 100 amperes, will throw a one pound ball 1,000 feet, with a striking velocity of 100 pounds.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

Got What She Asked For.

She was buying a trunk.

"I want one," she said, "that cannot be opened by the regulation trunk key that everybody uses."

"All right," said the dealer. "I will see that you have one."

The next day the trunk was sent home, and a few hours later the purchaser appeared at the trunk store.

"I told you," she said, "that I wanted a trunk that could not be opened by the regulation trunk key."

"That's what I sent you."

"Why, any trunk key in the house will unlock that trunk."

"You said the regulation trunk key. Have you tried a hairpin?"

Then she went home and wept when she found that she couldn't unlock that trunk with a hairpin.—Detroit Free Press.

William Morris.

William Morris, the English poet, rejoices in the possession of a prodigious memory. Given a fair start on any sentence in Dickens' works, he will complete that sentence with very little deviation from textural accuracy. Were every copy of "Pickwick Papers" destroyed today William Morris could write the book almost word for word as it now stands.

Greenland was so called because in summer its hills were covered with a beautiful green moss.

Paganini looked like a caricature of a man, so thin was he, with every feature exaggerated.

Haydn had a long nose, an almost invariable peculiarity of genius.

Buckram was at first any sort of cloth stiffened with gum.

HE WAS TOO SMART.

The Experience of a Countryman With London Confidence Men.

London has its confidence men, who are quite as expert as America's, says a writer in the Boston Herald. Their methods are very similar. It is not worth while to record their routine operations, but one recent instance, as illustrative of their resources, is amusing and instructive. An old Scotch traveling man, who bore somewhat the appearance of a countryman, but who knew the ropes perfectly, was accosted. He decided to have some fun at the expense of the would be swindlers, so he pretended to fall readily in with their statements—to be a particularly easy victim. They bought him a splendid dinner, calling him Mr. Kenny of Dundee—a name which they had caught from a traveling bag which he had borrowed from a friend. He enjoyed their hospitality hugely, and ate prodigiously and expensively. They paid the bill, and began the usual talk about a lottery prize, etc. Then he saw it was about time to "cap their game." Said he:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the dinner. It was very good, and I have had a very pleasant time with you. But I won't go to see you draw your lottery prize. Oh, no! I know all about the lottery prize. My name is not Donald Kenny. It is Robert Ferguson, and I'm not from Dundee, but from Lochnoven, where I've lived with my daughter for 20 years. I am too old a fish to be caught. Good night!"

And he went his way rejoicing.

Two weeks later, when he went home to his daughter in Lochnoven, one of the first things she said to him was:

"Did you get the £20 all right?"

"What £20?"

"Why, the £20 you telegraphed for."

And it developed that the confidence men whom he had beaten at their own game had an ace up their sleeves, which they played after he had left them.

HE KEPT THE CHECK.

Turfman Green Morris Was Too Cunning For the Banks.

With so many bank robberies all around us it is not surprising that there should be some uneasiness among depositors. In general, however, the New Yorker has a clear head. He has faith in the Clearing House association, because he really does not quite understand the mystery of it, and he believes in his bank through thick and thin because he has seen the banks of the city stand together in support of a weakened institution. I am reminded of what happened to Green Morris, the turfman, who lived in Brooklyn and raced horses on all the tracks of the metropolitan circuit. He had a big year of winnings at Monmouth park, and received at the end of the season a check from the association for $67,000. Eighteen months later he showed that check to me, considerably worn.

"Why, Green," I said reproachfully, "this check is 18 months old. What do you mean by keeping it so long? It is nearly worn out. Don't you know that a check should be deposited at once or cashed? Suppose the bank was to fail?"

Green chuckled knowingly and winked as he folded it up and put it back in his pocketbook.

"I ain't been racin hosses for pothin these goin on nigh 30 year. I ain't got no faith in no banks. They's too much failin to suit me. That's what I've allus been afraid of, an that's why I'm holdin on to my check. I ain't a-goin to have no bank failin with my money in the safe. Besides I ain't had no use for the $67,000, an it's jes' as easy to keep it in my pocket this way."

This same Green is worth now $300,000 or $400,000, and yet cannot write his name.—New York Press.

"Christ Hath Risen."

All at once is heard in the distance the clear boom of the cannon announcing the hour of midnight. The Russian priest, standing on the steps of the altar, swings his censer and announces in tones which penetrate to the farthest corners of the edifice, "Christos voskres" (Christ hath risen), and the people answer him with one voice, "Vo istine voskres" (In truth he hath risen). The woman standing nearest the priest lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by him, her neighbor in turn receives the light from her, and so on, till in a minute, as it were, the chapel was illuminated with a hundred lights.

Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and relations embraced one another, kissing three times on the forehead and either cheek and exchanging the Easter greeting. The whole congregation, then passing before the priest, did the same with him, and high mass now followed.—Chambers' Journal.

Transporting Carp.

When packing live carp for transport by post, some authorities recommend placing in their mouths a small piece of bread, well steeped in brandy, but I do not myself approve of this plan, as I believe it tends to encourage the fish in a disastrous love for ardent spirits. The eminently respectable Dutch, on the other hand, keep carp through the winter hung up in baskets, but feed them on a blameless course of bread and milk, which the sternest moralist could not fail to approve of.—Cornhill Magazine.

Suit-able.

"My," said the shoe clerk boarder, "but I did get a fine lot of sarcasm from my tailor when I had to stand him off again. Still, I rather think I deserved it."

"In other words," gurgled the cheerful idiot, "you deem his remarks both cutting and fitting."—Indianapolis Journal.

Eyes and Darkness.

Objects in a dark room cannot at first be seen by one going in from the sunlight, because the pupil of the eye has been contracted during the exposure, and cannot at once enlarge to admit sufficient rays of light to enable the individual to see clearly.

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The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 206, 120 Randolph st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 1424 Jackson st; Wm Terrill, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Hoyne av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton; Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 2:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 709 21st st; Peter F Radigan, V-P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 1903 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 161 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley Hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 338 W Van Buren st; Pat. Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2703 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 448 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Comiskey, R S, 117 E Erie st; J F Cunningham, F S; E G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5030 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meet in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4236 Wentworth av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2936 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 194 50th st; Patrick J Lyne, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 153d and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Ladin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; Jas. Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2301 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J Taylor, Rec Sec, Albany Building; M H Burns, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Donerty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4416 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 26—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4636 Wentworth av; Thos Kilroughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 342 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 31st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 356, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1229, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Beelan, Pres., 10810 Calumet av; F C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10816 Hoxie av; Jas McGill, Fin Sec; M Heelin, Treas. Meet in Fisher's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 36—Patrick P Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5627 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Doohey, Pres, 6339 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Meinerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elbarn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Brocken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 262 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 West Eighteenth st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Blanchard st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twomey, Rec Sec, 245 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 138 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1935 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin B Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Howson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queely's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

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St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 3238 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 3470 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1065 W 69th st; R S, J V Cook, 748 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 231 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4050 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 62 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Illi and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 29 W 12th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Beach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phœnix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 439 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenko. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3809 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Quirk, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1006 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boufard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 169 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 262 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Rellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in each

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

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No. 25 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

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HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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OPEN FACE.
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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

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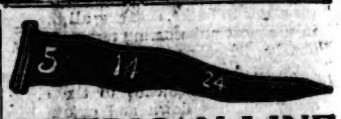

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ESTATE OF OWEN GAUGHAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Owen Gaughan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1895, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 20, 1895.

THOMAS J. BOWAN, Administrator.

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